Vol. II SPRING, 1971 No. 1

The Barnes Foundation

Journal *of* the Art Department

CONTENTS

Aesthetic Quality 3
by Violette de Mazia

The Art in Haiku 52
by Patricia Neubauer

Orlando: An Adventure in the Use of Traditions . 56
by Patricia Neubauer

Science and Art 82
by Ellen Homsey

Curriculum of the Art Department 95

Publications Authored by Members of the
Art Department Staff 96

Illustrations:
Entrance to The Barnes Foundation School
of the Art Department . . . *Frontispiece*
Plates 1 to 24 28–51
Plates 25–26 93–94

THE BARNES FOUNDATION PRESS

Merion Station, Pa. 19066

Copyright © 1971 The Barnes Foundation

Printed in the United States of America

THE BARNES FOUNDATION

Merion Station, Pa.

An Educational Institution Chartered December 4, 1922

Journal of the Art Department

Editor—Violette de Mazia

Associate Editor—Ellen Homsey

The essays appearing in the issues of this Journal will be derived from the work of advanced seminar students, alumni, and members of the staff of the Foundation's Art Department. Publication will occur twice a year.

Entrance to The Barnes Foundation School of the Art Department

JOURNAL *of*
THE ART DEPARTMENT

Vol. II Spring, 1971 No. 1

Aesthetic Quality*

by Violette de Mazia†

I

The topic of this essay will be: (1) What the quality is, which we call aesthetic, that makes art, art; (2) seeing the artist's piece as the new object it is, as the embodiment of the artist's experience of the world. In order to arrive at an answer we shall be concerned, first, with what constitutes aesthetic quality in general and the nature of an aesthetic experience and, secondly, with what an artist, as the specialist in aesthetic qualities he is, does in his work.

It is not easy to make clear in any one statement what the aesthetic quality of an experience is. We can say at the outset that it is distinguished from other aspects of our experiences by its independence from any share in the practical significance—social, political, religious, moral, ethical—a situation may have for us. It belongs, rather, to that part which we know in terms of our enjoyment, in terms of our interest—in short, to that aspect of a situation which we find sensuously and/or intellectually rewarding in the very experiencing of it. Etymologically, "aesthetic" has its root in the Greek *aisthanesthai*, which means "to perceive," that is, to attain awareness or understanding.

* Adapted from author's class lectures.
† Director of Education.

In order to illustrate and bring home the meaning of aesthetic quality, we shall connect what an artist does with what we get of similar character, though less concentratedly, in our daily activities. Indeed, aesthetic quality is inherent in all sorts of experiences, from that of putting on a well-fitting shoe, to that of getting a story across, to that of apprehending the smooth running of the complex machinery of an industrial plant. In each of these there is an aspect felt to be enjoyable, of interest, "right," "good" or satisfying because of what it is as we perceive it then and there, and not because of what it might be good for in terms of something else—not, for example, because we are going for a walk nor because of information having been imparted nor because of needed material being turned out. Of course, one may also experience the fitting shoe, the machinery and so on from the point of view of their fulfilling these purposes; then, however, the experience is no longer of the fit of the shoe or of the easy working of the machinery but of the fittingness of the shoe or machine to the purpose—a new and different entity resulting from the relationship achieved between object and purpose and, again, of possible interest as the thing it is. Thus, a picture such as Norman Rockwell's Red Cross poster may be very good for the cause it was intended to serve, yet not for that be in itself of an aesthetic nature, not for that be intellectually sensuous, enjoyable or interesting for what it is;* nevertheless, the appropriateness of the Rockwell poster to the purpose it was intended to serve can have an aesthetic appeal in the sense of its being a means fitting the end: in this case, the "thing in itself" is not the poster, but the entire situation of the cause, of which the poster is a functional part, as one not necessarily noteworthy cog is a functional part of the machinery.

Aesthetic responsiveness is a natural product of our various exchanges with our environment: a child playing with his blocks has an aesthetic, a self-rewarding, response when the block he intends to balance on the top of his construction

* However, it should be noted that a picture's, or any object's, serving a practical end does not preclude its offering an immediate interest and appeal; Cézanne's "Leda and the Swan," Tintoretto's "Christ and the Woman of Samaria," Paolo Veronese's "Baptism"—all serve the end of getting their stories across at the same time that they embody a wealth of aesthetic qualities which make these pictures art.

does balance, and the same may be said of the mathematician when he solves a problem. Indeed, there is an aesthetic quality in the solution of any problem, regardless of the meaning of that solution: there is, for instance, an intellectual sensuousness to be derived from perceiving the well-coördinated actions of a baseball team, even when they result in our favorite team going down in defeat; a medical scientist may not be happy about the nature of what a particular diagnosis reveals, but he may derive a directly-felt satisfaction from the way he rendered that diagnosis as a result of his adaptation of his means (background, observation and correlation) to his purpose. Even a murder can be "beautifully" planned and carried out; the crime is to be condemned on moral and humanitarian grounds, yet it still can be aesthetically appreciated for the fittingness of the means to the end. By the same token, we could say of any academic painting that it has in that sense a measure of aesthetic merit: the academician murders the traditions he uses, which is to be condemned on the basis of fundamental principles of creativeness; but to be appreciated is the fittingness of his academic using of academic means for achieving an academic end product.

The pervasiveness of aesthetic quality, even in the fulfilling of our practical aims, is evidence of how deeply embedded in and important an element to human nature it is. The prehistoric man in his cave was supposed to have had a practical motive as he drew wild animals on his walls—namely, to propitiate the gods to send him the animals depicted, which he would use as food; in the drawing, however, he provided a rhythmic pattern of color and line which may have a readily appealing, an aesthetic, value quite distinct from the practical function. It is, again, the same instinct for the aesthetic that is responsible for this or that twist in the shape of a given early American coin-silver spoon and for the decorative "rattail's" joining the handle and bowl of an English pewter utensil (Plate 1); and the fact that this "rattail" also serves the purpose of reinforcing the juncture of bowl and handle becomes another aspect of its aesthetic meaning. So, too, in the case of an antique French iron rooster (Plate 2): its proportions, its pattern, the bizarre contrast between the bulk of the body, with its massive, downward-weighted

curving profile, and the space contained by the slices of the tail which invert the curve of the body to an upward-weighted arc, with the relationships of every part yielding a sense of aliveness and naïveté—these are of the object here, now, and we are not concerned with what the rooster may symbolize that has significance elsewhere, such as the spirit of watchfulness, the symbol of France or of the Resurrection; nor are we concerned with what it might have been from a practical point of view, such as a weather vane, or with what it might be used to indicate about something else, such as the direction of the wind. Again, however, it might be noted that, whether we are interested or not in the wind's direction at any particular time, we may derive a satisfaction in perceiving the fittingness of the weather vane to the purpose it was intended to serve. And from this standpoint, a two-dimensional object would provide a greater sense of aesthetic satisfaction than does the three-dimensional rooster.

In our direct experiences of nature we also respond along the line of the artist. We can enjoy a sunset, for example, not for what it may indicate of tomorrow's weather, though we might also get that information from it, but for what it is as we look now—the color, the light, just as it is there outside our window, the interplay of the glowing, variably shaped and shaded hues, the pattern of interpenetrating shapes of color and light, the gradual recession into infinity, with the nearby areas only faintly touched by the glow and yet belonging to the spectacle by their subtle reverberation, right around us, of the illuminated display that moves as a crescendo to that effulgent focus of the setting sun way back on the distant edge of the earth. In the sunset there is the pleasure, too, from perceiving the movement in space and time—the gradual changes in shape, in degree of intensity as the total scene moves on from the first flamboyance to less and less distinct constituents as the setting proceeds, concentrating more and more on the distant focus of color and light which, in turn, moves on to either a lingering glimmer over the dark horizon, if we behold the sunset at sea or in flat country, or to a dramatically abrupt ending by sudden, impenetrable darkness, if we see it from the foot of

a mountain. Again, we are alive aesthetically even to such situations that we know from a practical point of view to be inconvenient, threatening to our well-being or interests, even alien to our survival. What happens when we hear the fire engine clatteringly clanging down the street? We run to the fire. To help? We know we would not be allowed. We run to see, to delight in those flames, the huge, licking tongues of color and light moving in and out, flickering as they reach out and up and then recoiling into the smoldering mass that throws out sparks from within the billowing, dense, black smoke; and the girders begin to bend and twist into more odd shapes in motion. We are tense and interested, all-engrossed in the gorgeous spectacle that we would not have missed for the world. We know it is a tragedy. We respond, nonetheless, aesthetically to the splendor; and our compassion for the people who suffer the tragedy is not a bit less sincere or less deeply felt for that.

On those occasions when we respond to our environment with interest and satisfaction, not because of any interest in a cause or result but for what we get then and there with no code required for interpretation, then we and the artist are kin, at least in one requisite of aesthetic perception—an interest in and sensitivity to what the world of things and events offers of possible immediate, direct human appeal and reward. Those are the aesthetic aspects of our surroundings, and those are what art deals with, reveals, teaches, helps us to see better, more variedly, in the world we know. The artist does that—shows us these and, by so doing, enriches what we know—as he objectifies the meanings of his aesthetic experience by physically painting the picture, carving the stone, writing the poem, composing the symphony, and so forth.

II

Our endeavor will now be to see the artist's piece as the object it is. At this point, we may say that it is an objectification of his aesthetic experience of the world. There is, however, an inclination to believe, because of the absence of practical concerns, that an aesthetic experience consists essentially in passive appreciation, that the artist himself is a

passive receptacle for impressions, and this error leads one to the error of believing that all that is necessary for an artist to be an artist is the technical ability to put the thing down on canvas. On the contrary, an experience is, in the fullest sense of the word, an activity—an activity, specifically, that leads to the perception of the nature of the significance that the things and situations around us have; and it is an aesthetic experience if it deals with aesthetic aspects and qualities. As Dr. Barnes has said,* "every artist's career is an adventure in perception," and we as much as the artist must engage in the active process of perceiving if we are to understand, to participate in, to share his adventure. Our problem, therefore, is to see what constitutes an experience and what constitutes the expression of an experience, and we shall be particularly concerned to see that an experience consists not just in what happens to us but also in what we do to and with what happens—our own re-acting to, acting back at it, as well as its acting upon us.

A classic example of an experience as we mean the term is the child and the lit candle: he is attracted; he puts his finger in the flame. Has he had an experience? No, he has had a burn. He sticks his finger in the flame a second time. Has he had an experience? No, another burn. The third time he reaches towards the flame and then withdraws his finger. In this case he has had an experience, as a result of which he acted back at the flame that had acted on him; he acted on the flame by making it mean "finger-burner." Thus, his experience included not just what happened to him but what he did with what happened to him, and, as a result, the meaning he gave the lit candle.

We might also remember our sunset. A marvelous sight! Do we have an aesthetic experience? Not really. Do we have an experience? Only the start of a possible one: we are struck by the sight, we undergo its effect, it acts on us. Emotion is released, and we exclaim "oh!", as the child getting the burn exclaims "ouch!" The sunset feeds us sensuously only and tickles our optic system; we receive the effect, we might say, passively. We emote, and, if we were

* *Method in Aesthetics,* The Philosopher of the Common Man, G. P. Putnam's Sons, N.Y., 1940.

to talk or paint, we would gush forth in words or in color-ejaculations all over the map, like an overripe plum which, on the slightest touch, squirts its juice—also like many a work of over-emotional painters, an unsuccessful Soutine and an uncontrolled Van Gogh. For most people it all ends there; the experience is stillborn; there is only a one-way action. Visitors to galleries, many of them, stop at the sensuous thrill; they bathe in the shower of color sensations as one might give himself over to an orgy of gluttony. At concerts, too, people swim in the waves of musical sounds or swoon off into, to quote Santayana, "a drowsy reverie relieved by nervous thrills." For the waves of sound, or of color, functioning as the outside stimuli, merely open up the spigot of emotion, which gushes forth and spills out a plethora of "oh's!" and "ah's!" All this applies also to the bulk of writers on art; they spout grandiloquent terms, emotional ecstasy, and tell nothing of what it is that has so moved them. I, too, at the sunset-lit window with my "grand!", my "beautiful!", am in the same category; I am entranced, enthralled, and I spill over. No transaction to speak of has taken place between me and the sunset, although I have taken it out of the category of meteorological phenomena and placed it in the pleasant-in-itself one. But I have seen nothing personal or specific that another person could not see, that some other sunset could not be. And if I allow myself merely to go under the spell of the sensuous impact received, my experience stops dead in its track before it was even born. The overripe plum has oozed itself out.

Suppose, then, I do something; I snap a color photograph of the scene. I have acted, but I have not acted on it, not on the sunset. The photograph does not represent my participation in an experience of the sunset; it is, instead, merely a record of what my retina or the sensitized photographic film registered. So, too, may we say of a painter who attempts to record photographically the physical attributes of the scene or sitter.

Again I am at the window in front of the "gorgeous" spectacle. This time I find that the sight unleashes my memory of other sunsets—one, for instance, in Arizona that was impressive in its grandeur; another, in the Pyrenees, on a

sultry evening; a wild one on the coast of Brittany; a majestic one in the Grand Canyon—every one of them a "gorgeous" spectacle, too. Am I experiencing this sunset? Hardly. It has acted upon me, and all I do so far in return is to classify it with other sunsets I have known; I do not perceive the identity of the present sunset. Turner in his early work (Plate 3) does something corresponding to that when he paints what his memory recalls, and his ability permits, of what he saw in Claude Lorrain (Plate 4).

Now as I look at the sunset my interest in the effects is aroused, and I become conscious—that is, intellectually aware—of what is there that excites me. As William James said, "consciousness is always interested in some aspects of a situation rather than in others." Consciousness, therefore, leads one to welcome, to reject, to re-organize, as he gets to know. I am now interested, and I begin, therefore, to separate the wheat from the chaff: I reject the bridge and the water-tower that are there, which for what interests me now I find annoying, irrelevant to my adventure in perception at this time. This might not be the case for Whistler, who painted "Nocturne in Blue and Gold, Old Battersea Bridge" (Plate 5), were he at the window; he might not only have welcomed the bridge, but made of it the star of his adventure. I, on my part, welcome a window-box of ferns, which are then imaginatively magnified into tall trees through which the sunset may be sipped. In other words, I change and re-organize what I now select to see: being acted upon by the sunset, I act back at it. I needed no gardener for my transformation of the ferns, for I acted on my subject by *imaginatively* perceiving richer possibilities, consequences, and *imaginatively* proceeding to make them happen, to make them be.

I, at the window, may go further along the artist's way. After I have selected to see, to eliminate, to alter certain elements, I conceive many further possibilities for heightening and enriching the aesthetic character of my developing experience. Now I may draw on my background, on the memory of other things experienced, not merely for a purpose of classification or to go off on, but, rather, to supply what is not here that I wish were: recalling the sunset in Brittany

makes me see how wild my present sunset is; the conflagration last week helps me to see the trees that now grow from the window-box as if they were twisting girders dramatically reaching into the fiery setting of space. And I keep on doing things to this sunset as it continues to act on my senses, feelings, mind, imagination. Now I recall some features of the dahlias and chrysanthemums I gathered yesterday or see a flowerpiece by Renoir which I bring to bear on what my eye registers of the sky, as Renoir himself might have brought his past experiences of sunsets to the painting of the flowers. And what a rich gamut of colors my sunset acquires! What a sunset it is becoming! And more and more it is mine: the effulgent distance now radiates like a resplendent autumn bouquet; the girders—my trees—are black-black, and they push back the distance to an immense depth, not unlike the trees do in Henri Rousseau's "An Unpleasant Surprise" (Plate 6); and the other areas, in contrast to the fiery regions, acquire a lake-like calmness, as we often find in Rousseau's skies; and those clouds, as far away as they are, beat a majestic tempo through space, as a series of powerful, Cézannesque volumes, rock-like and mammoth (see "Bathers at Rest," Plate 7); and the distance beyond—what a pattern of contrasting, multicolored stripes, which I now see by way of the multicolored stripes I have seen in the landscapes of, for example, Paolo Veronese (Plate 8); and the dark peripheral areas that surround the fiery display emphasize an incandescent character, as I now see and which I have experienced in one way in a red-hot poker and in another in a painting by Miró; and the translucence of the smoldering color is surrounded by dark areas not unlike what we find in the work of Rouault.

Thus do I experience the sunset, acting back at it, re-acting, whether I am at all times conscious of doing so or not, with what is in me that has been stirred up and doing specific things to it, albeit imaginatively. And it is precisely this faculty of imaginative insight or creative perception which distinguishes the artist's response to the world. Now I and the sunset through my adventure in perception have reached the stage of creativeness that the artist reaches when, for example, Cézanne (see Plate 9) transforms a drapery into a

pattern of volumes, or emphasizes them as such. I and the artist are then in the process distinctive of the creative aesthetic experience, which, to quote Havelock Ellis' description* is a re-molding of the world "nearer to the heart's desire"—a process which we all to some extent share in, each in his own way, even by such a simple "re-molding" as calling one's sweetheart "honey."

Let us go back once more to my sunset. It has become mine. My experience, however, is still short of the artist's as represented by his piece: I have not objectified in terms of qualities of any medium of expression any specific meanings I discovered and brought about. I have not, in other words, expressed the meaning of my experience. So now I call my neighbor in, draw his attention to the window and say, "Look and see that sunset I just saw." Am I expressing the meanings of my experience? Not at all, for he says, "Oh yes, I saw it from my window, too." But he did not, did he? He could not have seen *my* sunset. I go on, "Yes, but isn't it gorgeous?" Again, I have not expressed my meaning; indeed, he agrees, but he adds, "I don't like it; it means a storm for sure." If, however, I am able to select words descriptive of facts, with such adjectives and in such relationships that I transfer into those words the character of the qualities that my experience revealed to me, if I can give my neighbor a coherently organized word-picture of my adventure, my discovery, and make it interesting and moving in itself, make it something which he could never have seen by himself nor even suspected the possibility of, well, then, I have not only followed the artist's path through its entire course, but I *am* the artist. I might be Shakespeare and say:

> The glorious sun stays in its course
> And plays the alchemist
> Turning with the splendor of his precious eye
> The meager cloddy earth
> To glitter and to gold.

Or I might be Longfellow and say:

> The day is done, and the darkness
> Falls from the wings of night

* *The New Spirit*, Boni and Liveright [Modern Library], New York, p. 28.

As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle, in his flight.

Or I would speak in my own poetic words, if I am an artist.

As I select the words, I further develop my own experience and clarify it; for I then undergo the effect of the words themselves, their pattern, their sound, their cadence, as well as their factual significance—as a painter, too, undergoes the effect of his dabs and a composer the effect of his muscial sounds—and I foresee the consequences of my actions as the very experience of expressing unfolds. In my experiencing the words, as in the painter's experiencing the dabs, I may change them, alter their relationships according to the guiding interest, the intent, which in the process of the experience becomes clearer and clearer. When I am through I may close the window and draw the shade, for I have, as an artist, embodied, given a body to, the meanings, the feelings, the identity born of my adventure in perception, my experience of the sunset. I know more completely what my sunset is, and my neighbor, if he is sensitive, intelligent and interested, does not say I am a liar or that I need glasses or prompt psychiatric attention; he gets my picture, understands it and may now see from his window, or begin to see, not what I saw—he got that from my words—but his own sunset, possibly richer aesthetically than he could ever have seen before because of the possibilities shown him by his experience of my expression. That enrichment of his experience is what I did as an artist beyond presenting my description.

Indeed, that is the artist's function as an artist; that is what he does. He is not an historian, a reporter or a moralist. The artist is a teacher; he calls in the whole world of neighbors, to whom he reveals by his created piece what he discovered of aesthetic interest in his adventure in perception, what he re-created of broad human value and which, unaided by the artist's coherent expression, no one could see so well, so fully, so richly, so specifically or, in fact, at all.

III

Now that we understand what is involved in having an experience, in particular, an aesthetic experience, we are

ready to deal with the next phase of our discussion—to see more precisely what the artist's aesthetic response consists of from the point of view of the created object itself. If, recovering the innocence of the eye, we approach, for instance, a picture such as Cézanne's "Fruit and Tapestry" (Plate 9)—if, that is, we approach it with no preconceptions of what it should be or say—we find it to be *this* thing, *this* actuality which never existed before, an actuality constructed of colors, tones, shapes and brushstrokes put together in such relationships that the new entity has and conveys qualities or meanings of its own—qualities such as richness with restraint, fullness, muted colorfulness, coolness, drama, positiveness, power, all of which are given in a staccato sequence of thumping, solid, weighty color-volumes organized as a three-motif (a rectilinear, a curvilinear and one combining both) interplay in three-dimensional space. These and other meanings are of, are said by, the painted area as an object of perception.

Although these meanings are said in terms that we can recognize as peach or pear or table, they are not said by, nor did they even necessarily belong to, those things as we saw them anywhere else or in any other context; indeed, when the painting is turned upside down, in effect discarding its subject content, the basic qualities remain.* This leads us to the important consideration of the relationship between what the subject was as we and the artist might have seen it anywhere and what the picture statement is. For, whether the subject was selected or simply accepted by the artist, the artist used it; and, while what the subject was does not determine or dictate what the picture is to be, the fact that it plays a part makes it a factor not to be ignored by the spectator.

* It might, however, be mentioned that, with the loss of the subject, the power, the richness, the drama, being no longer embodied in what we recognize as pear, peach or table, are less specific and, therefore, less specific, too, in statement of meaning. The absence of subject would correspond to hearing, for instance, a greeting with the words obscured by the din of the street in contrast to hearing that greeting in terms of the words themselves; in the latter case, the particular words can qualify and add meaning otherwise not possible to what the spirit of the greeting says by itself; similarly, Cézanne's use of a vocabulary of pear, peach and table enriches and makes more specific his statement of power, staccato beat and weightiness.

We can say, first of all, that an artist selects, consciously or not, a type of subject that offers him possibilities for effects he discovered and responds to with interest. Cézanne's interest in power, weightiness and staccato-like drama led him, in "Fruit and Tapestry," to select stable pieces of fruit, an angular table as a foil for their spherical shape and a background-setting with which he could further develop this two-fold theme. Similarly, Renoir, for "The Writing Lesson" (Plate 10), selected his children's nurse as a sitter because, in his words, "she had a skin that holds the light" and Claude (or "Coco"), the child, because his hair gave Renoir the chance to create a gentle cascade of rich, golden luminosity; likewise, the flowers in a vase turned in a particular way made possible variations on rhythmic motifs* that carry through the painting and help to unify it, much like, in its effects, the poet's use of meter and rhyme or the composer's use of a *leitmotif*. This subject, either selected or accepted by Renoir, was made the specific means for expressing the warmly flowing, gently glowing, positive-volume quality of things that impressed and interested him—the same general characteristics, or broad human qualities, that he, incidentally, was also able to express in, for example, "Fruit and Cup" (Plate 11) by using a subject not dissimilar to what Cézanne used for a very different picture-statement in "Fruit and Tapestry." This again shows that the subject, though it plays a part in what is expressed, does not determine or dictate what the picture is to be. It does, however, offer by its nature certain possibilities to each artist that another subject may not offer.

Now, when we say that the object created by the painter in his adventure in perception is the painted area, we may add this: what Cézanne, Renoir or any artist in any medium does in his adventure is to transfer the meanings his subject had for him into qualities or meanings intrinsic to his medium. The painter's medium is color, and, whatever he may choose as his subject, he should say his say in terms of

* The curved handle of the vase, the woman's and the child's bent little finger, the child's ear and curls; the softly delineated quasi-circular units of the anemones and the woman's chignon; the entire unit of vase and flowers in compositional counterpoise to the figure of the woman, and so on.

what color can express. He should not, that is, compete with what literature, sculpture, photography, music, politics, ethics, etc. can say; if he does, his piece automatically falls into the category of imitation, for it represents an endeavor to duplicate through the nature and potentialities of one medium what another medium by its intrinsic properties and the potentialities of its nature can do more successfully. Imitation is bound to be superficial. The result may reveal skill of craftsmanship but that alone is never creative. The ceiling of the Sistine Chapel by Michelangelo represents such a stunt in craftsmanship; it is a *trompe-l'œil*, a fooling of the eye, which makes us believe that we actually see architecture and sculpture; and we find it of interest for that rather than for the qualities which sculpture and architecture may convey. By the same token, the works of the merely illustrative painter are in losing competition with what the medium of photography can produce. Picasso's "Head of Punch" (Plate 12) is likewise in losing competition with early African sculpture: it represents a mere taking over of, an attempt to duplicate, the projections and recessions of that type of sculpture. His "Glass and Pickle" (Plate 13), on the other hand, is *influenced* by African sculpture rather than imitative of it: what is carried over from the sculpture—the somberness, the weight, the dramatic projections—is rendered in terms of color qualities. His "Portrait of Jacqueline" (Plate 14) also shows in its dramatic articulation of shapes (a feature of Cubism, as well) a creative use of the African tradition of the nineteenth century, principally by its expressing of the staccato chopping in terms of color areas. The same may be said of Modigliani's work, in that it carries over from African sculpture something of the latter's rhythm of elongated units which becomes Modigliani's own characteristic gracefulness and elegant fluidity, given now in terms of the color shapes and linear pattern that belong to the painter's medium (*cf.* Modigliani's "Girl in Sunday Clothes," Plate 15, and the African "Standing Figure," Plate 16). So, too, is the case of Cézanne's "Fruit and Tapestry": the painting is sculpturesque, not sculpture-like, not imitative of sculpture, for its solidity and weight are of the color substance

and result from relationships of the color units that make up the painting.

IV

What we have seen thus far is by no means the whole story, and, in order to grasp more fully what an artist does, we shall proceed now to study step by step, as objectively as we can, a canvas by Honoré Daumier—"The Miller's Daughters" (Plate 17)—in The Barnes Foundation collection. Our main purpose will be to illustrate further the fact that the artist's meanings as expressed by his piece are the meanings given the painted object as a result of how he uses what he selects to use—a result, that is, of what he does to and with all of his means (color, technique, etc., including his subject).

What was Daumier's subject, the fragment of life he appears to have started off from? What we see is an incident or episode centering around two women on a road, moving forward, stopping and waving back*—all of which could have been witnessed by Daumier all at one time and place or gathered together imaginatively on the canvas; there is no way of knowing which, nor from an aesthetic standpoint is it important to know.

In Glasgow, Scotland, there is another Daumier (Plate 18) of the same episode which includes many more facts of what the subject was.† Yet, from the standpoint of what a picture can convey of broad human significance, it has nothing like the impact of "The Miller's Daughters" at The Barnes Foundation; this is apparent even in a comparison of black-and-white reproductions of the two. The Glasgow version is fairly close to late Venetian and Baroque paintings and, in particular, Rubens in its relative over-emphasis of the illustrative aspect—*i.e.*, the facial expressions and the activities taking place pertaining to the subject.‡ In other words,

* Or, as has been suggested on occasion, women fleeing in alarm.

† Which canvas antedates the other has not yet, to our knowledge, been ascertained.

‡ Compare it, for example, with Rubens' "David Playing on His Harp" (Plate 19) and Luca Giordano's "Venus in the Forge of Vulcan" (Plate 20).

in the Glasgow version the emphasis is on the statement of what the subject was as such—the miller, the mule, the young man, the three women—facts which anyone given the opportunity could have witnessed without the artist's help.

In the work of an artist the meanings conveyed, the feelings expressed—indeed, the character or quality of any sort of human expression—depend every time as much on *how* the subject-facts are used as on the nature and amount of those facts given. In such a canvas as Frans Snyders' "Monkey Stealing Fruit" (Plate 21) there is a more or less literal, accurate rendering of all that might have been in front of the painter or that happened within his ken, put down with paint very much like facts being recorded in a concisely-kept diary or in an itemized tabulation, with little ,if any, evidence that the man who recorded the scene was impressed by or interested in the aesthetic qualities a visual experience may disclose. The absence of any aesthetic interest on the part of the painter of ,course, demotes the picture to the class of "imitation reality" or mere illustration. In contrast to this is the French nineteenth century "Flowerpiece" (Plate 22): here, too, we are given an abundance of subject-facts, the details of the story the artist has chosen to relate; but as we get them we find the picture itself interesting and worthy of attention because the artist's use of color, tone, shapes, technique and subject-facts imparts to the story he tells such qualities as subtlety, delicacy of color and light gradations, daintiness of patterns and so on. This it is that the picture expresses because of how the subject-facts were used, though the facts alone need not have possessed such qualities nor would we necessarily have seen them if alone with the subject-facts, *i.e.*, without the help of the particular artist. Such a transforming of fact into meanings natural to the medium chosen might, as against the mere recording that Snyders does, be compared with the use of plentiful detail by an artist-writer or a poet (for example, Coleridge in *The Rime of The Ancient Mariner*, Hemingway in *The Old Man and The Sea*, James Joyce or Proust), detail made expressive of aesthetic meanings by how the story is conveyed—by the arrangement of the sequence of events, possibly by flashbacks, by the sound as well as the dictionary significance of the words selected,

by what is omitted from the tale and the particular emphasis that results, by punctuation, paragraphing, length of the words used, length of the sentences and the character of their pattern and cadence as the words nevertheless depict the subject-facts and unroll, with specific relationships, from sentence to sentence.

All this is to say that in the Glasgow painting it is not because Daumier retains more of the subject-facts that he fails to bring the picture up to the level of the Barnes "Miller's Daughters," but because the *how* of his telling of the story does little more than record; that is, because he shows little creative imagination in the use of the painter's medium—color. Color in the Glasgow version is hardly more than a surface label, serving principally to say what the subject-facts were, rather than what they might mean in terms of an individual's experience of them; it is, besides, very close to Rubens' color—indeed, verging on the imitative. And, too, the patterns and general organization are similarly subservient to the details recorded, doing little on their own beyond depicting and ordering the constituent facts of the subject into coherence for the sake of their recognizability. Thus, the what and the how in the Glasgow painting are mainly of the subject, and the picture is of relatively little merit as art.

In "The Miller's Daughters" of The Barnes Foundation, on the other hand, Daumier used the facts of his subject as a means in the same way that he used the medium of color as a means; that is, he made them be the things they are now on the canvas according to the meanings he discovered in his adventure in perception, rather than attempting to repeat what the facts of the subject were or what the colors on his palette or in anyone else's painting were.

In making of the subject a means, one significant thing Daumier did was to leave much of it out. He simplified and selected what he felt to be necessary to convey not what the subject was (that is the reporter's, not the artist's, job), but *his* story of the story, *i.e.*, what he found exciting in the visual world that a painting can express by its make-up of color, light, shapes, etc. The very act of selecting is an expression of interest which brings about changes in the

subject-facts and lends them something of the aesthetic meanings the artist saw. Thus, faces, chests and legs become large color areas and, by having so become, impart to the canvas the character of a generalized, succinct statement, like "Hi!" in comparison to "Hello, I wish a good morning to you." Further in contrast to the Glasgow version, and because of the particular distortions and simplifications in the Barnes "Miller's Daughters," there is here a boldness, not of the women but of the pattern made up of a few sharply contrasted light and dark units of color. Also, because of Daumier's selectivity and because of how he related what he chose to retain, there is an overall feeling of simplicity, a directness of statement, an economy of means in the saying and a power and a bigness. Interestingly, the much larger painting by Renoir, "The Mussel Gatherers"* (Plate 23), shrinks to the dainty charm of a miniature when seen in the context of the Daumier.

Along with the simplicity and breadth of statement which he imparts to the subject in "The Miller's Daughters," Daumier not only retains the facts essential to his statement, but, in contrast to the Glasgow canvas, very specifically brings them into focus and to our attention: this, he says, is the point of my story—this dramatic, forceful swing and swirl of what I have presented as figures moving and waving; and these figures so given stand out with conviction as to what they are and what they do in terms of the drama of the picture all the more because their expressive character is not drowned in, diluted by, a mass of factual details irrelevant to that. This, by the way, is an instructive instance of how an artist can add to the conviction of his message by subtraction, by leaving out what would be irrelevant to his purpose.

Selecting for emphasis, which is a departing from subject-facts, means distortion, and distortion is to be justified by what it achieves for the point of the picture. The distortions which occur in this painting have been made to be what they are, have been invented, so to speak, for the specific recording, again, not of what the subject was, but of Daumier's experience of it—for recording, that is, his discovery in the subject of exciting possibilities of effects that using color on a canvas can convey. When we perceive qualities of broad

* The Renoir measures 69″ × 51¼″ as against the Daumier's 50⅝″ × 37⅞″.

human interest in relationships of matter making up a picture, we perceive what the artist has done, which, of course, is what we should look for in order to understand his work.

In "The Miller's Daughters" at The Barnes Foundation we may note distortions of addition as well as those of subtraction: for example, Daumier added dark areas between the fingers and a dark, broad line around the legs and the extended arm which the subject as it was certainly did not have; the emphatic abruptness in the change from dark to light at the chests and elbow is also an addition to the subject which Daumier brought into being on this canvas; and, while he eliminates a number of toes, Daumier adds a broad, dark wedge that dents the areas of the feet. These are all distortions as "Hi, old bean!" is a distortion of a conventional greeting. They are new picture-facts, not new subject-facts, and as such they serve the purpose of the meaning of the picture rather than the meaning of the subject as we might have known it anywhere else than in the product of Daumier's experience and expression. Indeed, at times, for the purpose of the picture meaning, Daumier ignores the facts of the subject altogether. What, for instance, was the black area at the upper left of the canvas? Trees? Smoke? We cannot be sure; but we can be sure, because we can see, that it is now, in this picture, a particular shape of color that has a qualitative meaning of its own and that serves also to draw out meaning from the other units of the picture: it says dark space—specifically, a dark space that helps project the wall, the basket and other units forward; it also says unit of rhythmic drama as we notice it to be one of a series of dark units contrasted with light ones that carries through the canvas; by its shape and location in relation to the rest of the picture, it acquires the action of fanning out towards the lower part and thereby helps to plant the feet of the women on the ground; and, by the way that it fulfills these and other picture functions, as well as by its own interior color-saturated darkness, it says also something of the bold, forceful drama, the directly evident power that the entire picture says in another, more comprehensive and more complex way. We may further note that the cut-out shape of this black area and the resulting in-and-out inter-

penetrating activity of the light and dark at its jaggedly undulating border causes the skirts of the women to start to be blown at the upper left of the canvas and to swirl up and back toward the right, thus setting in motion, as other elements also do, the swirl of the whole picture area.* This is only one of many instances of the inter-supporting functions played by the parts for the entire picture activity; and, by their assumption of such inter-supporting rôles, the identity of each section sharing in the overall activity gains in specific actuality and, therefore, in meaning—very much like the character of Othello is made to be all it is as much because of his relationship with Iago, Desdemona and the other characters of the play as because of what his own actions are.

In the Foundation's Daumier the inter-supporting relationships consist for the most part of strong, movemented, dramatic contrasts which result in a rhythmic series of thrusts countered by other thrusts: for example, the slanting away of the building from the upper left toward the lower right counters the direction of the waving from lower left to upper right, while the vertical boundaries of the wall help by their direction to pin the feet firmly on the ground; again, the line established by the figure's waving calls attention to the contrasting direction of the line acting as the horizon, so that each emphasizes the activity of the other and holds it in equilibrium. Daumier also does something similar with the contrasting direction of the brushwork at the mid-right. All of these, as well as other such contrasts, further qualify the character of the drama expressed by Daumier in this picture.

Far from least for Daumier's meaning is the color itself and the manner in which he draws out qualities from it by his particular handling. The color of the background is silvery and comparatively cool, setting off by its difference the warm, rich, deeply glowing color found in the figures. As, in general, in the Venetians, color seems to penetrate the figures, to impart a feeling of substance as it settles down within the units themselves; there is, therefore, an inner structure to these units, a quality of internal solidity and color-saturation

* For comparison see Plate 24, from which the dark area at the upper left has been photographically eliminated.

that adds an expressive depth to their illustrative aspect.* By working it with the light and dark and the linear demarcations, Daumier also uses the color to convey a sense of solid, weighty volumes moving in a pinwheel formation of radiating, swirling beats in full, three-dimensional space. This, incidentally, contrasts with the set, staccato emphasis given the volumes in Cézanne's "Fruit and Tapestry."

In fact, in the Foundation picture the volumes are in movement throughout the canvas. The area of the ground dramatically rises towards the back for no good reason of lawful perspective; wrong, people say, and object that a road could not be that way. The justification for this distortion in Daumier is that what might not be a direction for a road as we could find it in nature is a "should-be" direction for this composition; the boundary of the road is one more spoke in the pinwheel formation; and were we to straighten it out the entire area at the right would be out of the picture, for that area would then fail to contribute its fair share to the picture activity, as the swing it has now does. Or, again, without the distorted "horizon" line, a seemingly unimportant element, the figure would wave only by way of the arm's position, so that the message would be transmitted by the subject through the illustrative aspect alone; instead, as we can now see happens, Daumier has made the picture itself convey the sense of waving and movement, with an effect that figures alone waving could not achieve. This is another illustration of the artist's expressing the meaning of his experience of the subject in terms of qualities intrinsic to his medium—the color shapes and their relationships.

We shall now look again at the distortion mentioned before of those dented, or "two-toed," feet, a distortion which might well horrify us if, like the old-hat academician, we look in the work of the artist only for what we have decided should be there because of what we already know about the subject. If we look, instead, for what Daumier decided should be there, that is, for the picture's anatomy rather than the women's anatomy, we shall find that the entire construction stands,

* This is a feature readily seen by a comparison with the Florentines, in whose work areas appear to be merely labelled by, say, a red, a green or an ivory rather than actually penetrated by the color they are made of.

holds up, on those two toes and that it does so in a way it neither would nor could on five. Indeed, we shall find that those specific two-toed feet are important parts of a definite overall picture theme; that, for that matter, practically everything else to be seen is similarly "two-toed"—the folds in the skirts, the unit of the two heads, the wall and its shaded areas, the meeting of the elbow and breast, the breasts, the hand at the lower left and the triangular unit it holds, the fruit and its shadow in the basket, and so on. In each instance, the units are made up of interpenetrating wedges contrasting with each other in their direction and in their identity as light or dark.

What justifies the anatomical distortion of the feet, or "atrocity," as it has been called, or, in truth, any distortion, is, as we have indicated before, its achieving of an expressive, interesting-*per-se* effect according to what a picture can express. Therein lies the difference between legitimate expressive distortion and so much of the grotesque distortion in contemporary painting which is done solely for the sake of keeping up with the Joneses, the jury or the avant-garde by being as ultra-contemporary as one can be. The two-toe distortion incorporated by Daumier functions for expressive purposes: not only does it serve to establish a sense of continuity throughout the entire picture area, but it also helps to bring out and emphasize the movement of the units, be they toes or whatever, by direct contrast of directions—just as the figures themselves, as a part of the subject, move forward, stop and wave backward. If our perceptive ability be not paralyzed by the shock or mystery of the missing toes, we should be able to follow many variations on the constructive two-toe motif, as we might of a musical composition in which a motif is stated, perhaps, by the violins, taken over by the cellos, carried on by the flute and becomes, in turn, emphatic, less distinct, only a part of itself or deployed, exploited or embroidered, with, nevertheless, its basic character insisted upon and used in helping to establish the identity of the whole piece—as happens, correspondingly, in "The Miller's Daughters" of The Barnes Foundation and not in the Glasgow version, nor would happen for us were we to

watch two such women coming down a road, stopping and waving back.

This picture, then, as we saw of Cézanne's "Fruit and Tapestry" and Renoir's "Writing Lesson," is a new thing. As the peaches and pear had become Cézanne's own and the writing lesson, Renoir's, so the women in The Foundation's canvas are Daumier's daughters and not the miller's. To this end the two-toed feet, as is the case of all the other distortions, are not only fitting, but essential—essential, that is, to what Daumier has done, to what he discovered, created and presented: *this* object, the painting. Thus does the canvas illustrate the fact that the subject does not determine what the picture will be; that, as already indicated, depends on the artist's experience of the subject and on his aesthetic interests in general and at a particular time. Since Daumier's interest was often what he could reveal about things in movement, he was more likely to start from a subject that offers such possibilities of effects—figures moving (waving), for instance—rather than such things as the static peaches and pears on a table that Cézanne would use. In other words, the painter is led to say his say about that in which he perceives possibilities for realizing his expressive interest. In so using it, he makes of the subject—that episode or piece of the world—as much a servant to his creative purposes as he does of the colors on his palette, his technique or any other of the means at his disposal. To repeat and sum up, the end product is no more the episode from the world than it is the array of colors on the palette, but the object, the painted canvas itself as we see it with the meanings it has now as an entity in its own right.

That, then, is what we mean when we say that the qualities, the meanings of the artist's work are not those of the subject as it was, but are those of the created object—the picture, the sculpture, the poem, the symphony. The artist's expression is the result of, is born of, as it also crystallizes and objectifies, the interaction between what the subject was and that particular artist, with his own feelings interests, imagination, background of experiences and so on. In the course of that interaction, what was the subject

acquires the unique identity of what the picture, the poem, the symphony is. And it is what that created object is, here and now, that justifies or fails to justify whatever happened to the subject.

We have shown what the object painted by Daumier, his canvas, is, what makes it up as the new actuality he created, brought into being, specifically with regard to its representing the embodiment of his adventure in perception, his experience of something that interested him in the world. Its components and the relationships established comprise a set of broad human qualities—for example, subtlety, warmth, weightiness, robustness, imaginativeness, economy of means, simplicity, sense of conviction, of structural solidity, of unity and variety, activity of sweeps and swirls, of thrusts and counterthrusts, drama of contrast, of pattern, boldness and more—all of which are capable of arousing our interest in what they are and offer *as we experience them*, and which do so relatively independently of any interest we may happen to have in the subject *per se*.

Furthermore, each of these qualities is given a shade of meaning new in the traditions of painting; hence, the canvas possesses also the sense of novelty and creativeness as a basic aesthetic effect. We have discussed at some length, by way of the example of the sunset, the nature of an experience resulting in such discovery of meanings as Daumier's canvas represents, and we might note here that as much a part of Daumier's means as his subject was the work of his predecessors, from whom he learned, as my neighbor might have learned, to see anew. We can compare the qualities of the Daumier canvas with, for example, the monumentality of Michelangelo; the structural-color quality and pictorial movement of the Venetians in general and the swirl and robustness, as well as the drama of light and dark, of Tintoretto in particular; the space, subtlety, cool-warm color relationships and silhouetting of Velásquez and the economy of means and the plastic illustration* of both Velásquez and

* *I.e.*, the stress is on the illustrative, but this is given in terms of what the means of color, etc. can convey in themselves of broad human qualities.

Goya. These men's works were used by Daumier much as I used the fire, the ferns, the bouquet and Renoir for my experience of the sunset. And, though Daumier's aesthetic statement was based on certain traditional sources, it was not like any of them. Nor was it merely different, but creatively different, that is, different from the point of content of meanings and of new shades of meanings, of those broad human qualities which constitute the substance of aesthetic experience.

Unless otherwise indicated, the originals reproduced in the following plates, including those on pages 93 and 94, belong to the collection of The Barnes Foundation.

Plate 1

American Coin-Silver Spoon

English Pewter Spoon

Plate 2

French Wrought-Iron Rooster

PLATE 3

Turner

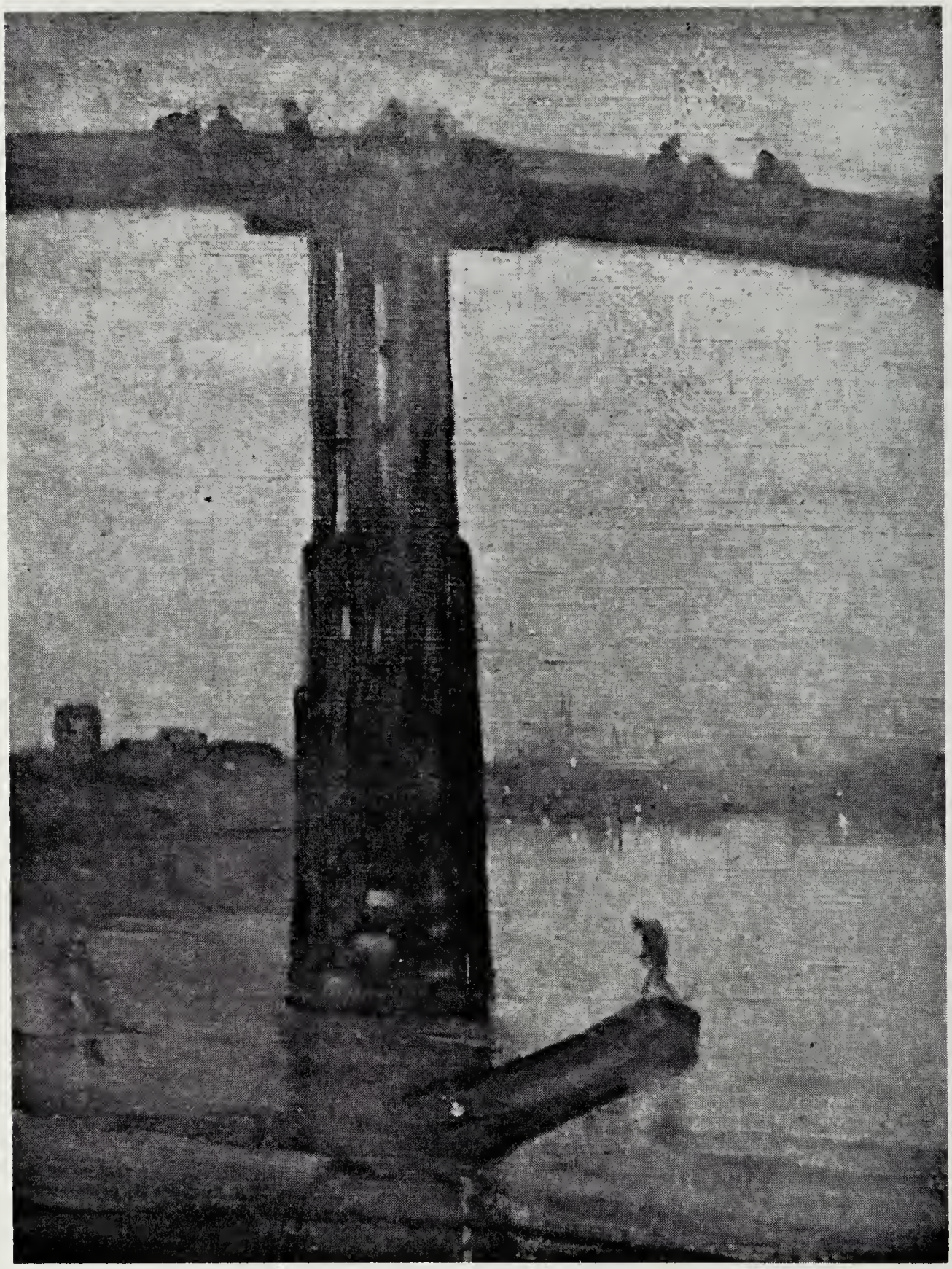
Crossing the Brook
(National Gallery, London)

Plate 4

Claude Lorrain

The Mill
(National Gallery, London)

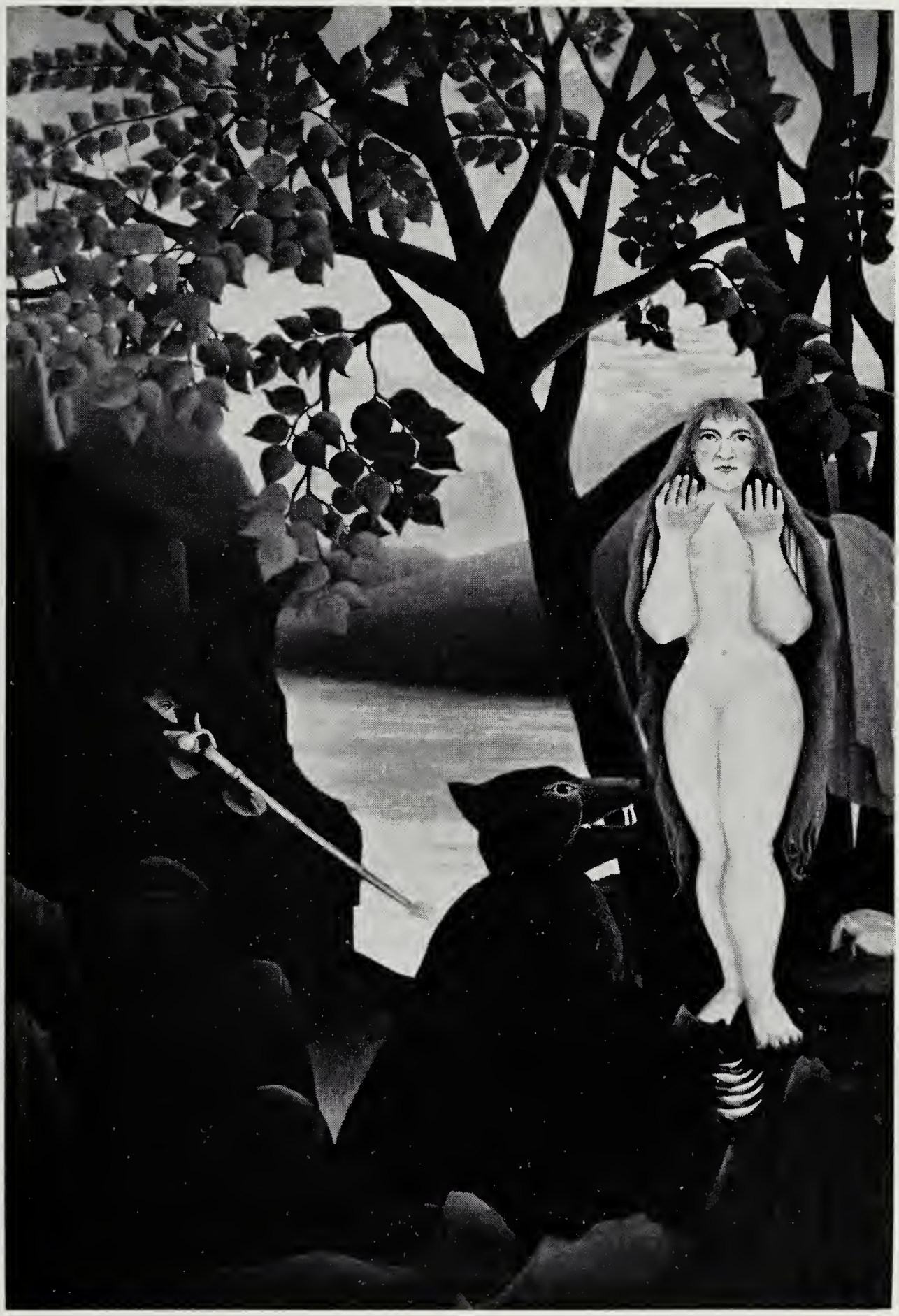
Plate 5



Whistler

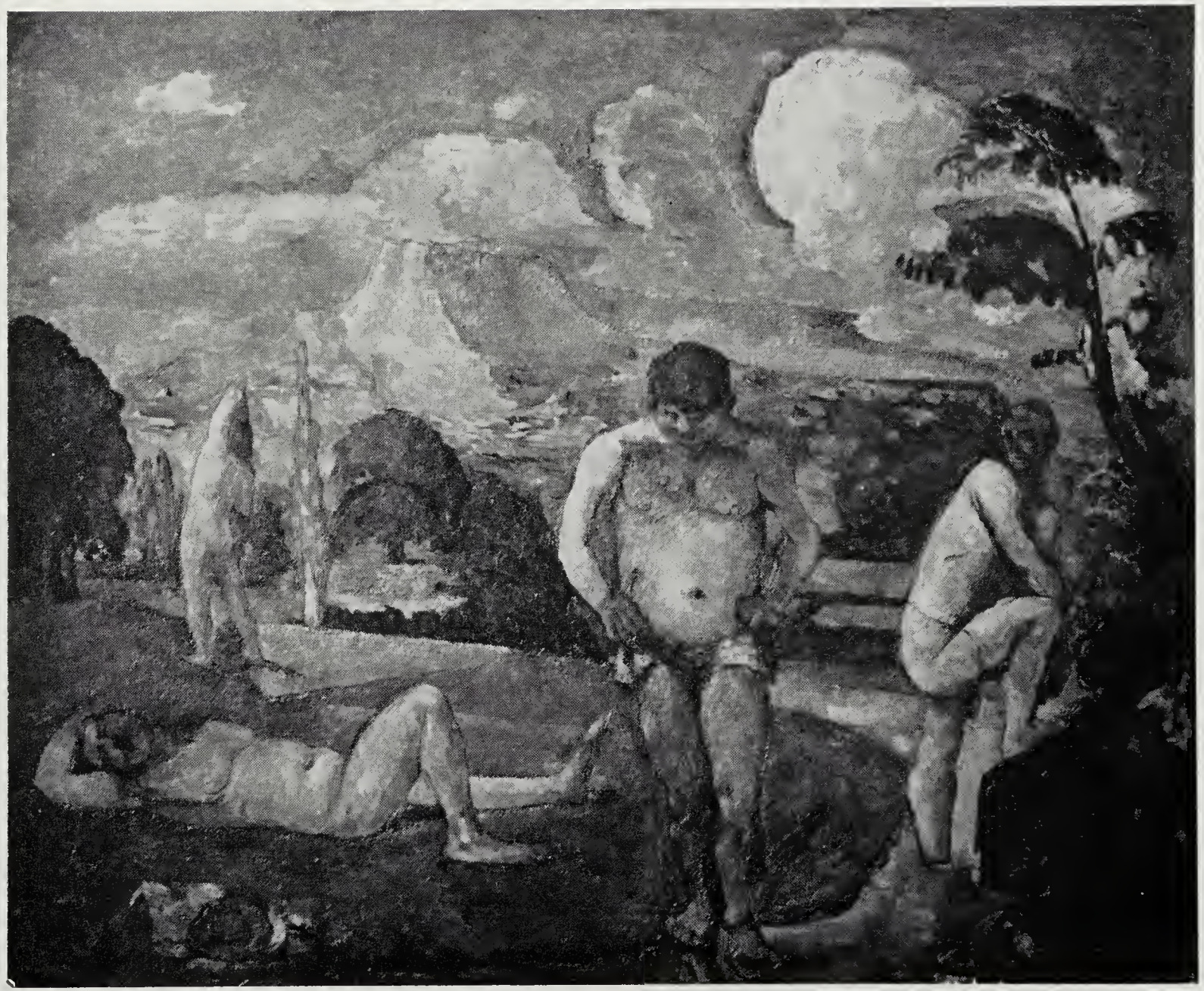
Nocturne in Blue and Gold
(Tate Gallery, London)

Plate 6



Henri Rousseau *An Unpleasant Surprise*

Plate 7



Cézanne *Bathers at Rest*

PLATE 8

Veronese

The Finding of Moses
(The Hermitage, Leningrad)

Plate 9

Cézanne *Fruit and Tapestry*

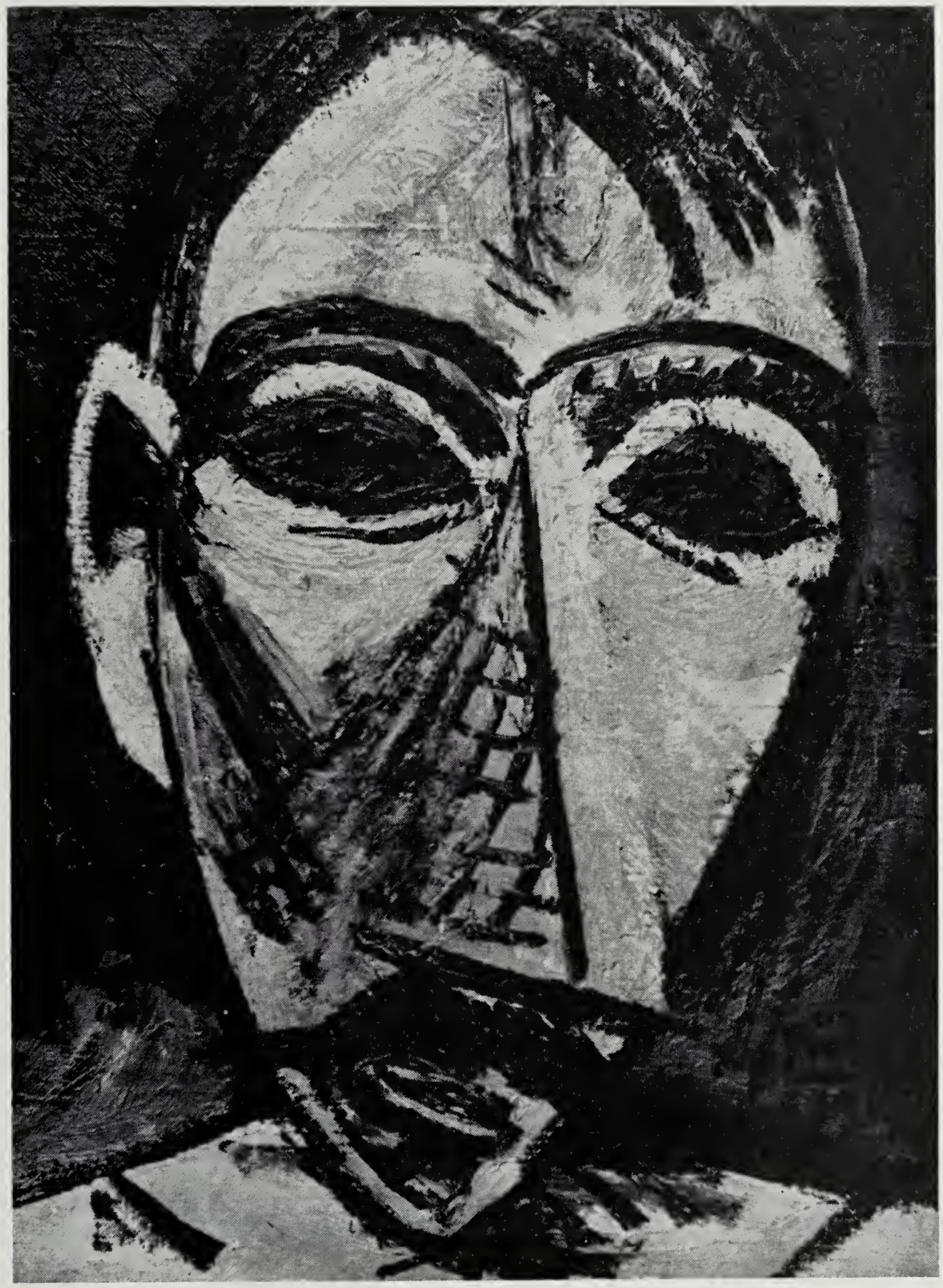
Plate 10

Renoir *The Writing Lesson*

Plate 11

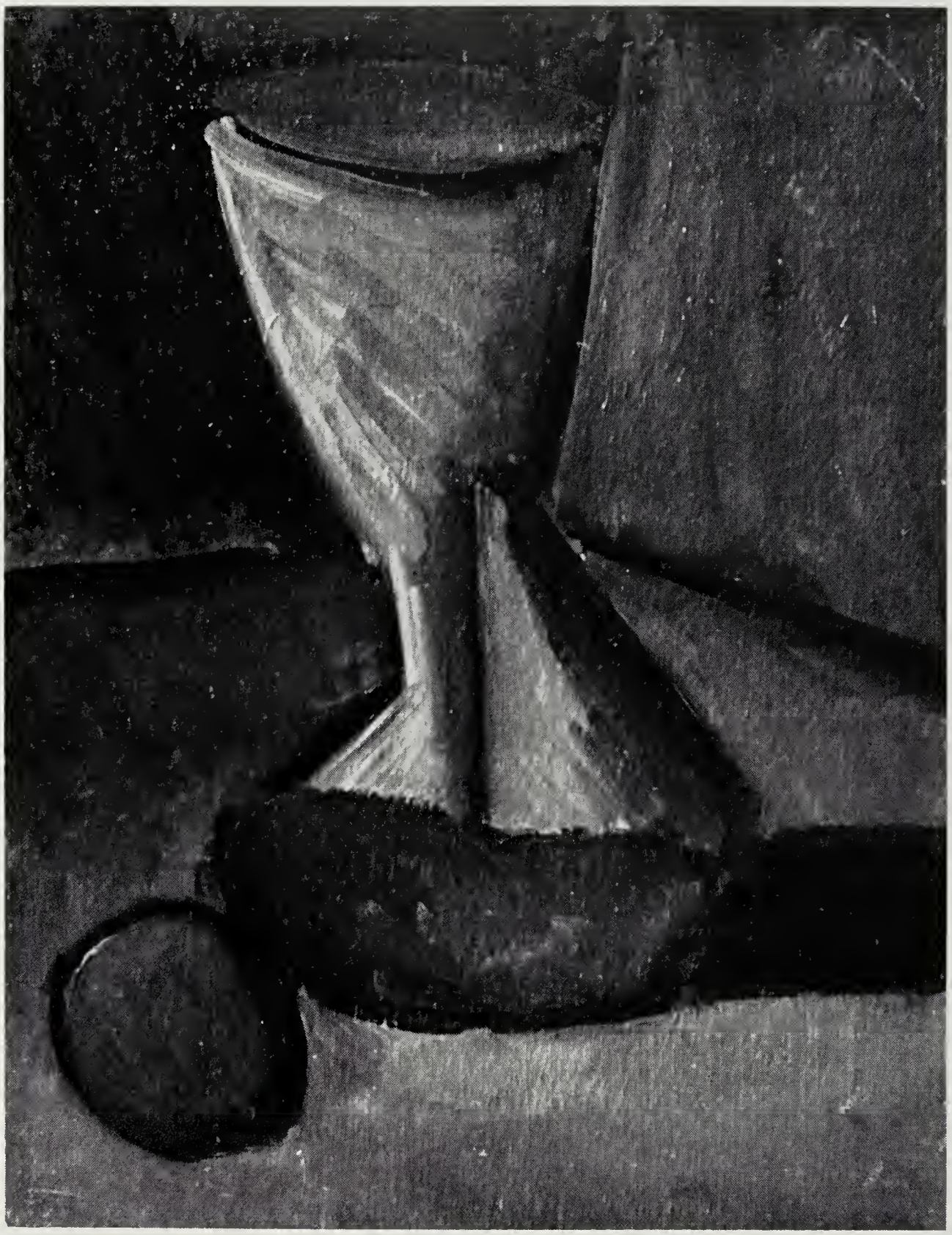
Renoir *Fruit and Cup*

Plate 12



Picasso *Head of Punch*

Plate 13



Picasso *Glass and Pickle*

Plate 14

Picasso

Portrait of Jacqueline
(Collection of the Artist)

Plate 15

Modigliani *Girl in Sunday Clothes*

Plate 16

African Sculpture *Standing Figure*

Plate 17

Daumier *The Miller's Daughters*
(The Barnes Foundation, Merion, Pa.)

Plate 18

Daumier

The Miller's Daughters
(The Glasgow Museum, Scotland)

Plate 19

Rubens *David Playing on His Harp*

Plate 20

Giordano

Venus in the Forge of Vulcan
(Private Collection, Merion, Pa.)

Plate 21

Snyders

Monkey Stealing Fruit
(State Museum of Fine Arts, Moscow)

PLATE 22

French (19th century) *Flowerpiece*

PLATE 23

Renoir *The Mussel Gatherers*

Plate 24

Altered photograph—See footnote, page 22.

The Art in Haiku

by Patricia Neubauer*

Poetry, of course, is an art discrete from painting, but in the case of Japanese haiku the lines of demarcation between the two different media seem to fade to the extent that the reader almost feels that he has caught the meaning of a poem through sensation rather than by means of verbal communication. Although all the senses are appealed to in this poetry, visual imagery so predominates that the reader's immediate after-impression is more like that of a vision briefly dreamed or a picture momentarily glimpsed than of a poem read. Since both haiku and Japanese painting depend on the subtle selectivity of essential detail, swiftly and delicately sketched, to convey meaning or mood, it is not surprising that some of the most famous haiku masters of Japan were also painters of rank. Nor is it difficult to understand why this type of poetry has a very strong appeal to painters.

Like all other poetry, or, for that matter, any form of expressive art, the haiku strives to give a concrete representation of the artist's interaction with his environment, to record that experience in terms of broad human values so that it may be shared with others. The uniqueness of this poetic form arises from its brevity: each poem consists of three lines of five, seven and five syllables, respectively.† Indeed, the peculiar kinship of haiku to Japanese pictorial art is due in part to the limitations which this brevity imposes on the poet; with only seventeen syllables at his disposal, the haiku writer cannot indulge in narrative or exposition and must rely on a word-picture to impart his meaning. To accomplish this, certain techniques of economy are followed: the poet must resort to abbreviation, but his abbreviations need be intelligible to the reader; symbols either uni-

* Member of the Seminar.

† The translator cannot always adhere strictly to the required number of syllables because the nature of the English language is different from that of Japanese.

versal in meaning or which draw their meaning from the context of the poem must be selected with infinite care; images must elicit the necessary associations on the part of the reader or guide his suggestibility in the direction of the poem's mood. And, of course, in the end all these means must not only yield a concentrated meaningfulness but also create a poem which pleases the reader and evokes from him an emotion and an understanding appropriate to the poet's intent.

Some haiku seem not to go very far beyond the presentation of a picture, pleasing to the senses but without the impact of profound meaning, as this one of Buson's:*

Black calligraphy
of geese—pale printed foothills—
for a seal, full moon.

Another example by the same poet (it is superfluous, I think, to point out that Buson was also an accomplished painter) offers a highly decorative picture:

Dancing, the fox treads
among the pale narcissi
in garden moonlight.

But here is added the richness of a more subtle comparison: the fox, a wild intruder into the cultivated world of gardens, suggests the fanciful and exotic dreams which furtively visit even the most prosaic of men while defenseless in sleep.

Like the artist-illustrator, the haiku poet may record one moment only, and the reader will know what has happened before that moment and what will happen after that moment by the precision with which the given moment has been sketched:

Rising Autumn moon
lighting in my lap this year
no sickly child.

(Onitsura)

* All translations are from *Japanese Haiku*, Series Two and Three, Peter Pauper Press, Mt. Vernon, N.Y. Copyright 1958, 1960. Quoted with permission of the publishers.

The sick child did not recover. The use of the seasonal word* "autumn" suggests the closing in of the year, the dying of vegetation. But the qualities of serenity and gentleness contributed by "moon" indicate that the child did not die recently, that for the poet bitter anguish has been replaced by a more seasoned sadness.

Then, also like the artist-illustrator, the haiku writer frequently makes use of humor and satire:

As to icicles
I often wonder why they grow
some long—some short.

(Onitsura)

Interesting about icicles, yes, but these icicles do not form; they grow—like people. When one dispassionately observes people, one wonders why some grow slender and some fat, why some grow twisted and some straight, why some are graceful and others awkward, why there should be such a great variety. Again, the poet Issa, in actuality humble and oppressed by many misfortunes, laughs and plays the powerful giant in fancy:

Sun-melted snow—
with my stick I guide the great
dangerous river.

Unity is sometimes achieved by the prevalence of one particular quality. In the instance given below that quality is softness, and the effect of the poem is of a gentle but palpable nudging of the senses by the presentation of three images linked together through their similarity of quality, but with variation of the objects themselves and of the senses to which they primarily appeal:

Ultra-pink peony—
silver Siamese soft cat—
gold dust butterfly—

(Buson)

* Though not necessarily so explicit as this instance, there is, in haiku poetry, traditionally some manner of allusion to one of the seasons of the year.

There is a kind of pelting of the senses of touch and sight—three different colors, three different textures, all soft. Surprisingly, the three different degrees of force do not increase, but decrease—from the heavy slap of a peony to the tentative pat of a cat's paw to the lightest brush of a butterfly wing.

Unity may be more easily achieved in a short poem than in a long poem, but certainly it will be more difficult to bring about variety, especially variety which intensifies meaning. Such variety within unity can come as a result of sudden contrast:

As lightning flashes—
zig-zag screeches of the heron
flying in the dark.

(Basho)

Lightning transfers its zig-zag to the heron's cry, and unity is served. Sudden light against darkness and silence shattered by an unexpected scream provide sharp contrast and, through contrast, variety. Terror is not mentioned, but it is most surely there in the heart of the man who has heard the heron's screech.

For those who know the Japanese language there can be the additional enjoyment of the sounds and rhythms of haiku which is not extended to those who must read English translations. Those who have studied Japanese culture and Zen Buddhism add another dimension to their interpretation, though this does not necessarily enhance the richness of the pictorial quality.

It is said that the art of haiku reading requires as much creativity as the art of haiku writing. If the haiku is not completed by the reader's experience, it remains a statement, not a poem. It should also be remembered that, as in all art, the total is always greater than the sum of its parts; to analyze fosters appreciation, but it can never completely explain the magic of the haiku's brevity nor the enchantment of commonplace objects and actions converted into an expressive art form.

Orlando: An Adventure in the Use of Traditions*

by Patricia Neubauer

There seems to me a variety of ways in which the book *Orlando*, by Virginia Woolf, might be approached. First, one could think of it as pleasurable entertainment. It is most definitely this from start to finish, and no doubt the quality of its enchantment will remain fresh in the reader's memory long after he has forgotten anything he heard or read about the book by way of analysis or explanation.

There is, of course, nothing wrong with finding a work of art a source of simple enjoyment. But one cannot read a book or look at a painting forever just for the sake of such generalized pleasure; there is a limit to how many times one can say, "Oh, what a lovely blue! What a graceful curve! What a luminous glow!" Neither can one be surprised anew each time he reads that Orlando falls asleep a man in the seventeenth century and awakes a woman in the eighteenth century nor when he is told that the clouds obscure the bright atmosphere of the eighteenth century until it rains cucumbers and cabbages and ivy into the Victorian Age. If one is to continue to look at a painting or to re-read *Orlando* and remain interested, then one must finally begin to ask the questions: What? How? And why?

Secondly, it is possible to consider *Orlando* as a review of the English history and literature of the last four centuries. This approach has its limitations, for the reader who lacks a fairly solid background will get lost. Virginia Woolf does not provide milestones of dates or political events; she indicates an era by the name of a monarch, by the atmosphere, by the architecture. Her periods of literature and history overlap as they do in actuality but not in history books. She takes the Christian name of one writer-critic and prefixes it to the surname of another: Robert Greene and Nicholas Rowe each contributes a name to the character Nick Greene,

* Adapted from author's Seminar talk.

who consequently spans a century. (She gets even greater mileage out of this device by reincarnating Nick Greene as a nineteenth century critic.) Some of her characters have no names at all: Shakespeare appears only as an anonymous man in a dirty ruff whom Orlando saw writing at the table in Mrs. Stewkley's sitting room.

Furthermore, the author is very selective in the material she chooses to present for any given period. She moves in and out of the eighteenth century drawing-rooms and never quotes one brilliant saying of Pope, Swift, Johnson or any of the other remarkable figures of the period. She gives the reader few titles of literary works except those by Orlando. The socio-economic forces of history and literature are never considered.

Virginia Woolf's knowledge of English history and literature was profound, and I would point out that nothing has been left out of the book because she lacked knowledge or put in on account of whim. Only those aspects and parts of history and literature which either influenced or explain her Orlando were used.

Third, it is possible to view *Orlando* as a fictional presentation of the thesis of her essay *A Room of One's Own*, which was composed at about the same time as *Orlando*. In this essay, Virginia Woolf attempts to explain why women came so late on the English literary scene. Essentially, her reasons are: women's povery (economic suppression); the lack of one's own room in which to write (no claim to rights of individuality or privacy); the lack of tradition (traditions were basically male-oriented and male-invented); and the masculine-superiority neurosis. This essay probably offers the best explanation as to why Orlando changes sex. However, the danger of analyzing *Orlando* solely in terms of *A Room of One's Own* lies in the fact that our attention is likely to be diverted from aesthetics and literature to psychology and sociological phenomena.

Fourth, it would be interesting to investigate *Orlando* in relation to the total complex of Virginia Woolf's work, specifically, in its importance as a stepping stone leading from one type of novel to another. It differs from her other novels just as certain Renoir paintings differ from those that

went before and those that followed. One would not be likely to assign *Orlando* to the pen of another writer, any more than one would attribute a given Renoir painting of his transitional period of the 1880's to a painter other than Renoir. But this kind of analysis would be interesting only to those who have read all of Virginia Woolf's essays, novels, letters and diaries.

None of the four ways of analyzing *Orlando* which I have described represents what is to be my approach now. Nevertheless, I have a purpose in presenting them.

On Mt. Washington above the tree line, hiking trails are marked by cairns. These cairns are painted white, and they are placed at close intervals. Should a cloud engulf the mountain top, obscuring vision, the hiker can find his way along the safe trail by means of these markers. The four orientations which I have mentioned, and one more which I shall mention, are the markers which I myself used as an aid to analyzing *Orlando*. We shall deal with each of them, but only to a certain extent. They will be guides along our trail to discovery and appreciation—guides only and not by any means our destination.

So now to the main point: How shall we explore the book *Orlando* in this essay?

What exactly is the full title of the book? It is *Orlando, a Biography*. However, "biography" only poses another question: whose biography can it be? Is it a biography of Victoria Sackville-West, to whom it is dedicated and whose photographs and ancestors' portraits illustrate the book?

If *Orlando* were no more than a disguised version of Victoria Sackville-West's life up to 1928, it would be of scant interest to those of us who know little of, and perhaps care even less about, Victoria's life and ancestors. If, on the other hand, we consider it the biography of an intuitive and imaginative mind coming, by means of traditions, to creative maturity in the 1920's, then we find the book rich in interest. And because it is a book we are dealing with and because Orlando herself is a poet, those traditions we shall be talking about will be mostly English literary traditions.

I wish to digress at this point to say something about the Sackville family and about Knole, their country estate. In

the case of the Sackvilles, I want you to know a little about one of the subjects for *Orlando*. In the case of Knole, I shall describe it because later on I wish to use it metaphorically.

Reputedly, the Sackvilles came to France with Rollo the Dane in the eighth century. They arrived in England with William the Conqueror, and their descent and family history can be traced from the Norman Conquest without a break. The Sackvilles had always held land and titles, but their immense wealth dates from the time of Henry VIII. During the reign of Elizabeth I, the family began the political career that continued into the twentieth century. From their ranks have been recruited men to fill such posts as ambassador and treasurer, steward and chancellor, chamberlain and lord-lieutenant. They were also active intellectually; those who did not actually engage in literary pursuits were at least patrons and intimate friends of writers. Ben Jonson, Robert Greene, Nicholas Rowe, Congreve, Swift, Dryden and Pope were entertained at Knole (I often think that Knole's guest book must read like a "Who's Who" of English literature). Most of the adventures of Orlando have their source or their parallel in the Sackville family history. There was even a Pepita, a gypsy dancer who was mistress to one of the Lord Sackvilles and the grandmother of Victoria Sackville-West.

Victoria Sackville-West, a contemporary and personal friend to Virginia Woolf, was born at Knole. She was educated at home, and, indeed, Knole itself was her foremost tutor. In 1913 she married Harold Nicolson, a diplomat and writer. Vita, as she was called, accompanied her husband on his appointments to Constantinople and Teheran, but during the greater part of his diplomatic career they were separated. She insisted that her career was that of a writer, not of a diplomat's wife. In 1927 Vita was awarded a literary prize for her book *British Georgics: The Land*. Among her novels are *The Edwardians* and *Seducers in Ecuador*. She also wrote biographies of her mother and grandmother and a history of Knole.

The country house, Knole, lies thirty miles south of London in Sevenoaks, Kent. It is a vast, sprawling house or, rather, a complex of buildings surrounded by a wall; gardens,

orchards and woods are within this wall and cover some twenty-six acres. The walled-in house and lands are surrounded by a thousand-acre park with oaks, beeches and herds of deer.

Records of Knole exist from as early as the late thirteenth century. During the sixteenth century it was acquired by the Crown, and it served at various times as royal palace and as residence to the Archbishops of Canterbury. Queen Elizabeth presented it to her first cousin, Sir Thomas Sackville, in 1566, and it remained in the possession of the Sackville family from that time until after World War II, when it was made over to the National Trust.

The house began as a Norman structure, a place of security atop a rounded hill. It was like a town in that it was walled and self-sufficient; it encompassed stables and blacksmith shops, bakeries and breweries, and even boasts the remains of a glass factory. Knole grew organically, *i.e.*, according to the functions dictated by the times and by the needs of its inhabitants. Architecturally, it bears the impress of each age: over its medieval constructions were superimposed successively the styles of the Tudor Age, the Jacobean, the Baroque and the Rococo, the Victorian and the modernization of the twentieth century. Each owner added to Knole something according to his own disposition: he built new parts or decorated and restored old parts; he collected paintings, tapestries, furniture and silver with which to embellish its interior.

Nothing passes through time without being encrusted with tradition. Even were it possible (and I don't believe it is) to preserve a thing in the purity of its own time, still we of the present cannot help but superimpose upon it our own knowledge and experience. Thus, when we look at a late nineteenth or early twentieth century Renoir, we do not see it merely as an isolated phenomenon; we see in it characteristics of the eighteenth century French court painters, of Chardin and of the Venetians. We study El Greco, and in some measure we have by that also studied Cézanne. The comprehension of tradition is necessarily a two-way street in time. To appreciate fully any given work of art we must examine its predecessors; we must examine its successors.

In the art of the present we are somewhat hampered because we can look backwards only.

Let us define tradition as a body of beliefs, skills, forms and values that are handed down from generation to generation, from age to age. It is that inheritance from the past which is alive and valid in the present, as opposed to the conventions and customs which, having lost their usefulness, died with their particular age and circumstance. Some buildings, like Knole, are lived in and are remodeled and added to in accordance with the needs of each age. Others, like many old abbeys in England and Scotland, fall into disuse and are abandoned because the age no longer requires them. Though history and tradition are entwined, they are not quite the same thing. History is everything that we know about the past, but tradition is only that part of the past which we can adapt for our own use.

Another point, I believe, ought to be stressed: when we consider tradition as an inheritance from the past, we are considering only that form which is its present form—that form in which it has been handed down to us. The Elgin Marbles are perhaps as good an example as any. The experience of our observation is something quite different from that of the ancient Greeks. They saw the sculptures whole, placed high in the pediment of the Parthenon; we see them broken and incomplete, at eye-level or slightly above eye-level. They saw them brilliantly colored under the clear Athenian sky; we see them time-worn, weather-worn, bare of paint in the British Museum. Could the impossible be achieved and the sculptures and the Parthenon restored and reunited, we still should not see them the same way as the ancients, for a great deal has happened between 447 B.C. and A.D. 1970. Our orientation in time and tradition is different. The Elgin Marbles are not mere relics of antiquity. They are valuable in themselves because of the experience they evoke in us. They are expressive of aesthetic qualities of significance in their own right, and they are expressive of the classical tradition.

As we follow the thread of narrative in *Orlando*, we shall be travelling parallel to the narrative of history and literary tradition. Try to remember that history, literary periods,

Knole and the Sackvilles are Virginia Woolf's subject, not her subject-matter. I am not presenting *Orlando* as allegory because I do not believe it is allegory. I am trying to speak not in terms of symbolism, but in terms of metaphor.

The narrative is woven of three threads: one thread is the history of England, another is the development of English literature and yet another is the development of Orlando. To make it more complicated, this last thread is really a three-ply thread, *i.e.*, made of three fibers twisted around one another, for we must always consider Orlando three ways: first, as a discrete individual growing into creativity; second, as a conglomeration of four centuries of literary traditions which have combined to create a twentieth century poet; and, third, Orlando might be you.

For the sake of convenience let us divide the book into sections similar to a five-act play. We shall consider each act roughly as a century and each century as being roughly parallel to a particular period of English literature. The period of time covered extends from the late 1580's down to 1928, which is the year *Orlando* was published (see chart).

The events—the thaw and rain after the Great Frost resulting in the flood of the Thames, the seven-day sleep after which Orlando becomes a woman, the descent of the Great Cloud over London that marks the end of the eighteenth century and the delivery of Orlando's son—which are indicated in the chart by the dividing lines drawn through the progression of the story—are to be considered to perform a function similar to that of the cæsura in poetry, which brings about a definite break or pause in the rhythm of a poem. After each interruption the story of Orlando continues; but the reader has been transported into an entirely new environment, and each time a more mature Orlando has been introduced. As Orlando matures and as his environment and his relationship to it change, so are we led to see him in different aspects. In reality it is not so pat because my divisions are artificial: a century is an arbitrary division of time, and each age overlaps another. One cannot say that the Renaissance began in such and such a year, anymore than one can tell the exact moment when fresh bread turns into stale bread. And one cannot say that this mental or

Century		Orlando	English Literary Periods
			1500–1600 The Renaissance Period
16th	Chapter 1 Act I	Orlando as a Youth	Early Tudor Age (1500–1557)
		Scene 1 Court and Port	Elizabethan Age (1558–1603)
		Scene 2 Sasha. Disillusionment	Jacobean Age (1603–1625)
	Flood Cæsura		
	Chapter 2	Scene 3 Orlando to the Country	Caroline Age (1625–1649)
			Commonwealth Interregnum (1649–1660)
17th			
		Restoration of his House	*1660–1798 Neo-Classical Period*
	Chapter 3 Act II	Scene 1 Orlando as Ambassador	Restoration Age (1660–1700)
		Scene 2 Orlando with Gypsies	
	Sleep and Change of Sex Cæsura		
18th			
	Chapter 4 Act III	Scene 1 Return to England	Augustan Age (1700–1750)
		Scene 2 At her Country House	
		Scene 3 In London	Age of Johnson (1750–1798)
	The Great Cloud Cæsura		
	Chapter 5		*1798–1870 The Romantic Period*
19th	Act IV	Scene 1 Orlando as Maiden	
	Chapter 6	Scene 1 Orlando as Matron	Age of Romantic Triumph (1798–1832)
			The Early Victorian Age (1832–1870)
			1870–1914 The Realistic Period
	The Birth Cæsura		
		Scene 3 Orlando as Author	Late Victorian Age (1870–1901)
20th			
			Edwardian Age (1901–1914)
	Act V	Orlando Fulfilled	*1914– Contemporary Period*

emotional trait is feminine and that, masculine, anymore than one can say that this is a wholly masculine mind and that, a wholly feminine mind. The creative mind, I believe, is necessarily androgenous.

The book begins at the time when the English language and literature and Orlando are young. Orlando (the name is the Italian form of Roland) is of dual national descent—Norman French and Anglo-Saxon. "His fathers had been noble since they had been at all. They came out of the northern mists wearing coronets on their heads. They had ridden in fields of asphodel." They had fought in Africa and France and faraway places. However, one grandmother of Orlando was a peasant milkmaid, and, so, "mixed in with the thin, fine fluid which came to him from Normandy were some grains of Kentish earth."

The language that Orlando reads and writes is of the same national derivation—Modern English (and by "Moddern" I do not mean English of the 1960's, but that form of English which emerged in about 1500; this language came from a blend of the dialect spoken by the Norman conquerors and Middle English). The native language forms gave it simplicity, directness and force; the foreign element contributed grace, variety and ornament. But the absorption of the Norman French did more than create a variety and enrichment of sounds and vocabulary. With it came a new range of subjects—worldly subjects of romance and humor; and along with these subjects came the various literary forms suitable to them.

The book opens in 1587–88. Orlando has been born into the middle of the English Renaissance. This is the time of the poets Spenser and Marlowe, of the defeat of the Spanish Armada, and it is perhaps the very year when Shakespeare first came to London to begin his career.

Orlando is still very young. In the Kentish countryside, he lives a secluded life, dreaming of Crusades and chivalry and writing deadly dull plays after the style of Seneca and the Latin Chronicles. He is beautiful, but also a bit awkward. He is naïve and unsophisticated. He is imaginative and intelligent. He is born to be a poet—not because of "Aethelbert: a Tragedy in Five Acts" and the other nine-

teen tragedies he has written, but because of the slender volume called "The Oak Tree."

The young must live a little before they write poetry, and, so, Orlando, with the vision of The Poet imprinted on the secret places of his brain, takes off for the high life of the Elizabethan court and the low life of the London port.

The ships in the harbor had brought more than material riches and exotic stuffs to England. From Italy they had carried music, the sonnet form and the novella; from France they had brought scholasticism and Montaigne's essays. From the new world they brought tales of discovery and exploration. To this influx of wealth and stimuli England reacted with creative vitality and intense nationalism. This nationalism was expressed in literature by a heightened awareness of the English language: it was as if the poets said, "This is our language, our own medium, and it can do things in ways no other language can."

In spite of his social and official duties at court, young Orlando finds time to write sonnets to a procession of real or imagined mistresses—to Doris and Chloris, to Delia and Diana. The last decade of the sixteenth century is the decade of the sonnet. Everyone writes sonnets—the great poets, the not-so-great poets and those who are not poets at all; and these poems are not expressive of love spent, returned or unrequited, but of the vitality and exuberance at the end of the Elizabethan Age.

To attribute this rash of sonnet writing to mere fashion would be to oversimplify. It is, instead, interesting because it gives us some insight into the way poets were utilizing imported traditions. They were not adopting a foreign form; they were adapting that form, modifying it to fit their language and their design.

After the death of Elizabeth, a somberness begins to steal over the carefree passion of poetry's adolescence. Where, before, diamonds and sapphires sparkled on cloth of gold, now pearls and garnets glow against velvet. This change is even noticeable in the Shakespearean plays: *A Midsummer Night's Dream* was written in the 1590's; *Othello,* the year after Elizabeth's death. Both the age and Orlando have grown a little older, shifting from optimism to introspective

pessimism. The confidence of the Elizabethan Age is being replaced in the Jacobean by the beginnings of disillusionment with material prosperity and by dissatisfaction with literary experimentation. It is at this time that Orlando falls under the spell of Sasha's dark mystery (it is probably at a similar time in life that we ourselves are most vulnerable and sensitive to the novels of Dostoievski). After the affair of Sasha's unfaithfulness, Orlando's smoldering memory of The Poet flares up, and it is Shakespeare, speaking as Othello, who gives expression to Orlando's despair:

> O unsupportable! O heavy hour!
> Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse
> Of sun and moon, and the affrighted globe
> Did yawn at alteration.

Do we ourselves not come upon Shakespeare in much the same way as Orlando? From the time we are very young we hear his name mentioned with awe. We read his works at school, memorize his poetry and learn all sorts of nonsense about his "greatness." However great we believe him to be, he remains remote from us, far back in the dead past. One day he suddenly speaks for us; he gives expression to our thoughts and feelings. And it is on that day that we recognize his greatness and learn what poetry is! Like Orlando we may not even know the lines as being Shakespeare's.

Certain broad human values are characteristic not only of the English literary Renaissance, but also of Venetian and Flemish Renaissance painting—Tintoretto, Titian, Rubens. These broad human values are dramatic intensity, colorful richness, swirling activity, heroic proportions and sensuousness. These qualities also belong to the youthful Orlando. They lead both Orlando and the age to the catastrophe which is disillusionment.

The flood has not swept away the Renaissance; according to the textbooks, it has yet thirty-five years to go. Nevertheless, its full bloom is past. The same impetus which had pushed the Renaissance to its peak will in turn bring civil war and destruction in its decline. But it is in these years of the declining Renaissance that one finds the beginnings of a new literary age and traditions. In this period of transi-

tion certain sober questions must be asked; re-evaluations must be made; a middle road must be found; restraints must be introduced. Let me point out that I have used "re-evaluation," not devaluation; a "middle road," not the opposite extreme; "restraints," not restrictions.

It is as difficult to mend a broken heart as it is to survive a Renaissance. Orlando withdraws to his country estate to begin his recovery, and his recovery and progress (progress in the sense of time, not of betterment) run parallel to the recovery and progress of England and its literature.

Solitude is what Orlando seeks first—"solitude in the house of his fathers." This house is a concrete thing. It is a place which shelters Orlando, a place where he eats, sleeps and grows, a place where he stores his possessions. Beyond this, it can be considered as a simile descriptive of the imprint of tradition on Orlando, so that we may say that tradition is like a house built and used and lived in and changed over a long period of time by a number of people.

Orlando begins with what he has at the moment, his heritage and his individuality, which is his temperament and capacity, plus his experience. Not as a valiant but as a poet shall he seek fame. Orlando reads. To read old literature creatively is to learn (and to appreciate) traditions which have preceded the present. To read contemporary literature is to learn how poets are utilizing past traditions. To write creatively is to become a participant in the procession of traditions. On the path toward creative writing there are many pitfalls, the greatest of which, as Orlando discovers, is mere imitation.

Orlando spends a great deal of time reading the meditations of Sir Thomas Browne (1605–82). Browne received an international education. In addition to his flourishing medical practice, he found time to write four or five scientific and philosophical works. If one wished to choose a single literary man as an example of the most exemplary seventeenth century attitudes and as most representative of its literary style, Thomas Browne might be the best choice. His mind was like a bridge stretching from the color and emotionalism of the Renaissance on one shore to the clarity and intellectualism of the eighteenth century on the other. Beneath the

bridge flows the turbulent river of revolution and interregnum. For our purposes it is not necessary to know so much what he wrote as how, which was with tolerance and moderation, with gentleness and grace and in a poetic prose style that was both his own and representative of his age.

By "style" I mean the way the writer chooses his words, his rhythm, sentence structure and imagery. The best style is that which is best suited to convey the idea the writer wishes to present and is, at the same time, expressive of his individuality. Though style is personal, a writer frequently embodies in his personal style something common to the style of his contemporaries. In general, the prose style of the sixteenth century is balanced, rotund, formal and measured. This is excellently suited to the statement of an accepted truth. By contrast, the seventeenth century style is informal, irregular, jagged, rather ambling; it is appropriate to skepticism and uncertainty.

The clearest examples I can think of to use are two speeches from Hamlet:

> Neither a borrower, nor a lender be;
> For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
> And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
> This above all: to thine own self be true,
> And it must follow, as the night the day,
> Thou canst not then be false to any man.

This marches ruthlessly on with measured tread, without wavering, to its logical conclusion. The idea is presented as a statement of fact. It balances out like a mathematical equation. This is an example of the Elizabethan style, and here is an example of seventeenth century style:

> To be, or not to be: that is the question:
> Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
> The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
> Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
> And by opposing end them? To die: to sleep. . .

This rambles, it wanders, it pits one possible choice against another without weighting either; it is filled with the hooks and barbs of "whether," "or," "but," which impede the

progress of decision, so that all it can do is trail off into uncertainty.

I have resorted to the easiest and fastest way to point out the difference between the two kinds of style. A better way might be to read excerpts from Elizabeth's speeches or decrees and then oppose them to excerpts from Browne's prose.

Another general difference between sixteenth and seventeenth century style pertains to the use of metaphor. The Elizabethan metaphor is wild and extravagant; ideas were presented and suggested by means of metaphor. The more scientific mind of the seventeenth century tended to proscribe metaphor, or at least to curtail it, and to seek the greater precision of denotative language. When Orlando exclaims, "Another metaphor, by Jupiter!", and tries in its place "the grass is green; the sky is blue," he is undergoing the struggle which takes place when tradition changes. He finds that to say "the sky is blue" is no more truthful than to say "the sky is blue like the veils which a thousand Madonnas have let drop from their hair." Orlando in his search for truth does not see that there are many kinds of truth. He does not see that poetic truth differs from prosaic truth.

Now Orlando has been shut up in solitude for some time reading and writing. But the artist cannot live indefinitely in this fashion, for his subject is outside himself, and art is essentially a human communication, growing out of the desire to share and teach. Besides, he thinks that another can tell him whether his work is good or bad and lay down rules for art. He invites Nick Greene to his house.

Nick Greene is a man of many parts: poet, entertainer, hypochondriac, practitioner of the art of living; he is also a personification of the Academy and the Critic. Nick Greene is Academy because he looks backward and does not comprehend that the mere copying of a style from another age, of which the needs and language differed, will not serve the purposes of the creative writer. English writers had profited from the study of Cicero, but they did so not by copying, but by adapting. The Academy always sees a golden age in the remote past. The Academy always believes

that to transfer a tradition from the past, lock, stock and barrel, into the present is necessarily to produce art. Of course, in the end all they have is some old dead fish taken from the freezer, which is quite different from a living fish, darting and sparkling in the water.

Nick Greene, the Academician, makes a very fallible critic. Since the rules of art, rather than the principles of art, are all he understands, he cannot begin to gauge the worth of contemporary literature. He will have to wait a hundred years until the *Encyclopædia Britannica* endorses Shakespeare, Marlowe and Donne before he can praise their works. Since he cannot discuss art in terms of aesthetics, he must content himself with the discussion of artists as personalities. He offers gossip, not instruction. And, as with all such critics, there is the motive of personal gain—£300 a year, paid quarterly.

Orlando's reaction to Nick Greene is to recoil, to retreat into the core of self, to return to the oak tree. It does not matter whether the oak tree is the one on the hill in the park from which Orlando can look down at Knole or eastwards to London or the poem he is forever writing or some sort of symbol. Perhaps it is the heart of Orlando, or the essence of poetry; it may even be the core of human nature. I wish neither to define nor to identify it, for each of us must do this for himself. I wish to use it metaphorically in the same way that I use Orlando's house and to point out to you that the oak tree remains constant, inviolate; but the house, though it is always there, changes.

The result of Orlando's recoil is that he becomes consciously a creative poet. He destroys the forty-nine pseudo works of art and retains only the one unpretentious manuscript. "He vows that he will write only to please himself," *i.e.*, according to his own standards. He restores his house.

The restoration of the monarchy has been accomplished; still, a shadow falls one day over the page as Orlando sits writing. It is the Archduchess, a giant in black, passionate to the point of suffocation. Her aim is to snare the soul of Orlando and to possess his house. She is awe-inspiring but repugnant to Orlando's tastes. Perhaps the Orlando of that time would have reacted to Milton's poetry in the same way

he reacts to the Archduchess Harriet. This is not to say that Milton's poetry, though overwhelming, is either ludicrous or monstrous, but its qualities were not in sympathy with Orlando's temperament.

It seems strange that Milton's great poems should have been written during the Restoration. The Renaissance was over; all passion was spent and, therefore, unfashionable. The epic was going to be lampooned. Literature was not about to descend into the underworld; it was going to talk with urbane efficiency in drawing-rooms. People were going to behave in a civil, decent way because it was prudent to do so, not because of some paradise about to be lost or regained. God had become an "enlightened" monarch, and Satan, however corrupt, would have the polished manners of a gentleman.

And, so, Orlando, through the kind offices of Charles II, flees to Constantinople.

The civil war and interregnum of English history are past, but England must yet undergo its glorious Revolution, *i.e.*, the replacement of the Roman Catholic James II with William of Orange and Mary. Orlando, too, must go through a period of change and transition in Constantinople. Before stepping into the eighteenth century, he will change his sex, he will be confronted with the conflict between realism and romanticism and have a vision of classicism.

Although living in a place exotic and oriental, the ambassador Orlando patterns his life style after that of London's higher social orders—an extremely mannered way of life requiring leisurely reflection on awakening, elaborate dressing rituals, volumes of correspondence, an interminable round of after-luncheon visiting and extensive evening entertainment. But this is not enough for Orlando. He resorts to the trick of incognito in order to explore those experiences and places that would be closed to one of exalted position. It is in this state of incognito that he writes and recites poetry.

While on the subject of incognito, I wish to discuss the word *persona,* which is useful when one is talking about poets and poetry. *Persona,* originally the mask through which the Greek actor spoke, is used to refer to "the voice

other than that of the poet's which is heard in a poem." Some poets use a limited number of *personæ*; others use many, and, I suppose, the poet-dramatist uses the most. I would suggest that, when we read of Orlando incognito in a cape on London's waterfront in Elizabethan times or hidden by darkness in Constantinople's byways or roaming eighteenth century London disguised as a man or as having 2,052 selves, we consider the implication of the poet's *personæ*.

While Orlando slept, the Janissaries overthrew the sultan. She wakes to a desolate embassy and makes her escape to the gypsies. Orlando's life with the gypsies is an idyllic interlude in Arcadia. (Actually, it is Turkey, but I use Arcadia in the sense that it is symbolic of quiet, rustic life and the pastoral poetic tradition.) As the shepherd in the actual Arcadia bruises his feet on its sharp rocks, so also does the poet in his figurative Arcadia. The cruel rocks in Orlando's case are the doctrines of realism. The gypsy Rustum's realism opposes Orlando's romanticism.

The realist focuses his interest on a specific object, on a particular action and reaction which takes place in the present moment. The romanticist tends to view this configuration of object, action and reaction as unimportant in itself; to him the actual is but a suggestion of a larger reality. His attention slides out of the present and slips into past or future time. For instance, autumn arrives; the days become shorter, the sun grows cold and the leaves fall. The realist puts on heavier clothing, brings in the garden furniture and rakes up the leaves, and that is the end of it. The romanticist might do much the same; however, this is not the end of the matter. He may look backward to the joys of summer or forward to the miseries of winter; and the cycle of the seasons will probably suggest to him the cycle of human life.

Virginia Woolf writes:

> She [Orlando] compared the flowers to enamel and the turf to Turkey rugs worn thin. Trees were withered hags, and sheep were grey boulders. . . . And when, from the mountain-top, she beheld far off, across the Sea of Marmara, the plains of Greece, and made out . . . the Acropolis with a white streak or two which must . . . be the Parthenon, her soul expanded, . . . and she prayed that she might share the majesty of the hills, know the serenity of the plains. . . . Then, looking

> down, the red hyacinth, the purple iris wrought her to cry out in ecstasy at the goodness, the beauty of nature; raising her eyes again, she beheld the eagle soaring, and imagined its raptures and made them her own.

To Rustum a field was merely a field, either suitable or not suitable for goats to graze; a "duke was nothing but a profiteer." He believed "that there was no more vulgar ambition than to possess bedrooms by the hundred when the whole earth is ours"; that "there was nothing specially memorable or desirable in ancient birth; vagabonds and beggars all shared it."

To Orlando nature is God revealed, but to Rustum nature is only that which provides materials for man's survival or enemy to man when it does not. Orlando says, "How beautiful!"; Rustum, "How good to eat."

These "simple," "natural" people plot Orlando's death because she does not believe as they do. Besides, gypsies have no paper, no ink; and Orlando, running out of margins to write in, decides it is best to leave them.

As Orlando steps from the seventeenth into the eighteenth century, from Arcadia to England, she brings with her the appreciation of one aspect, the classical aspect, of the Renaissance—harmony and serenity, which come from restraint and balance, delicacy and poetic charm which are achieved when expression is amply served by decoration and illustration. This face of the Renaissance is well presented in the paintings of Poussin and Giorgione.

Orlando's sex change had presented no problems of adjustment to her while she had lived with the gypsies, but the moment she steps aboard the English ship, a complex struggle begins. Throughout her return voyage to England most of her energies are spent in acquiring attitudes and actions proper to her costume. It is not difficult to be a woman, but it is very difficult to be what the masculine mind thinks a woman is.

Past the cliffs of Dover, up the Thames, past the Tower of London and Saint Paul's, past coffee houses and Parliament sails the "Enamoured Lady" until finally she docks, and Orlando steps ashore. In her handbag she carries three useful little articles—three sentences; and these three sentences can provide us with some insight into the eighteenth

century literary tradition: "To refuse and yield, how delightful. To pursue and conquer, how august. To perceive and reason, how sublime."

The nationality of the first is French, and it gives the tradition its playfulness, formality and decorative charm. The second is Roman, and it contributes solidity, organization and power. The third is Greek, and it bequeaths lucidity and intellectualism. I oversimplify, for I pass over the complication that the French and Greek elements are much entwined by the time they reach England. It is not the first time that these foreign traditions have been sown in English soil, but this time the climate differs, and, as a result, so does the quality of the harvest.

Orlando immediately goes to her country estate. The bark of a fox, the slither of snow from the roof-tops are more to her than the domes and glamor of Constantinople. She embraces the familiar things. Once more having ink and paper at hand, she returns to the manuscript of "The Oak Tree." Once more a shadow falls across the page—the Archduke Harry. Where the Archduchess had tried to snare Orlando by passion, the Archduke seeks to snare by sentimentality. In the eighteenth century Orlando is hindered by skirts and conventions; she cannot flee. There is nothing to do but to send the Archduke packing. Rapiers, though swift, are forbidden, but Voltaire has shown her that laughter and toads can be substituted; *Candide* is full of laughter and toads, and, I daresay, toads and laughter were more feared by Rousseau than all the rapiers of logic.

After the Archduke's departure, Orlando rushes off to London. She says that she seeks "life and a lover," but we know women are not so precise in their choice of words, and I believe she meant prose and poetry rather than "life and a lover." At first she circulates among the elegant people of society, but it is not long before this illusion tarnishes. When the opportunity presents itself, she forsakes society for the literary salon where she will meet Addison, Pope, Swift. She gives up the salon in order to keep time free for these great men to visit her at home, only to discover that "all their wit was in their books, that they were much like other men," except perhaps uglier and more disagreeable.

The eighteenth century literary tradition is usually called neo-classical. Neo-classicism is not the same as classicism; it is a translation or an interpretation of classicism. In part, it is a reaction to the Renaissance; and, so, it may be easier to comprehend if we take one by one the main attitudes characteristic of the Renaissance to see how neo-classicism brought about an alteration in those attitudes.

The Renaissance had believed that man possessed possibilities without limit; the neo-classical era viewed man as imperfect and limited. The Renaissance had responded with uncontrolled enthusiasm; neo-classicism imposed restraint and respect for moderation. The Renaissance had explored new worlds, sought new forms; but the eighteenth century limited scope, preferring to perfect old forms. The Renaissance tended to see men as individuals, whereas neo-classicism considered man in his generic qualities. Renaissance religion had leaned toward mysticism; the neo-classicists in general endorsed the good sense of Deism. The emotionalism of the Renaissance had stressed color; the intellectualism of neo-classicism stressed form.

Now, these changes in attitude were expressed in literature. The main appeal was to the intellect, making the era chiefly an age of prose, in spite of Pope. Pope's poetry is usually called "verse essay" or satire. If we can have "poetic prose" in a romantic age, I see no reason why we cannot have "prosaic poetry" (and "prosaic" does not mean that it must be dull and plodding; it means prose-like). Since man was looked upon as being imperfect and limited, literature tended to be didactic. When teaching is the aim, language must be lucid and precise. Satire is a very effective way of instructing a large number of people who see no reason, either because of vanity or high position, to be instructed. The love of balance and symmetry focused attention on form. This form was not without its decorativeness, any more than the didactic tendency was without its playfulness. Emotionalism was out of fashion, and civility and moderation were admired. But the ban on emotionalism did not make something bland and lukewarm; satire can be sharply bitter, or it can be gentle and mellow.

These writers of the eighteenth century deserve neither

the label of imitators of classicism nor that of academicians, for they were, in reality, innovators working within the literary conventions of the period. Both the neo-classical tradition and the Renaissance tradition have power; both are of value to us.

How is it, then, that Orlando chooses to leave such admirable company to cultivate the society of the women of the London streets? Well, this sort of company is not to everyone's tastes, especially day after day without relief. Orlando finds that the sensitivity and vanity of great intellects predisposes them to waspishness. She herself is not without pride and ambition, and it is very hard for her to be in company with men who regard "women as but children of a larger growth." Mostly, though, Orlando has learned what she could of these men, and now she seeks warmth, naturalism and adventure.

The eighteenth century literary tradition came to an end on the stroke of a certain midnight—to be exact, in 1798 with the publication of the *Lyrical Ballads* of Coleridge and Wordsworth. The same broad human values embodied in this literary tradition were also expressed in the eighteenth century French painting tradition by Watteau and Lancret, by Fragonard and Chardin. As Orlando stood looking out the window, she saw the gracefulness and decorativeness, the formality and elegance, the solidity of eighteenth century tradition obscured by a turbulent welter of cloud—romanticism.

There are five main characteristics of literary subject and orientation for the romantic period. One is the enchantment of distance, either of time or place. Examples of this are the romances of Sir Walter Scott or the sympathetic interest in Oriental subjects and philosophy, as in *The Rubaiyat.* Secondly, interest is centered upon man the individual rather than man the social being. Emphasis on individualism frees the poet from the restraints of accepted standards and forms. The rebellion or revolt engendered by this freedom can lead to fresh creativity, or the result can be obscurity and anarchy. Third, emotions predominate over intellect. The stress is on what the poet feels; his feelings are the arbiters of conduct and "truth" rather than reason and law. Fourth, ac-

cent on imagination results in a sensitiveness for the feelings of others. This sensitiveness can go to the extent of genuine humanitarianism or stop short at sentimentality. It frequently leads to the exaltation of the weak and the humble—the poor, the child, the invalid or the unlettered poet. And finally, fifth, the love of nature, which deserves to be explored most thoroughly because it is most relevant to Orlando.

Actually I prefer to use the term "nature" abstractly to indicate whatever is external to a given man, *i.e.*, his environment. For the sake of simplicity, though, I shall use it concretely—mountains, trees, rivers, flowers, animals, weather, etc. Nature is used in a variety of ways by the romantic poet. He may express his reaction to the sensuous experience of confrontation by nature: "My heart leaps up when I behold a rainbow in the sky." Sometimes he sees in nature a reflection of his own mood: "Wind wails for the world's wrong." He ascribes human feelings to nature so that nature performs human-like actions: "And when the moon weeps so weeps every little flower"; daffodils and stars dance, clouds are lonely and wander, leaves dream in the shade of midday. The romantic poet frequently feels that he and nature share a common soul, that nature and man are one entity. He looks upon nature as teacher of how to live. In this respect, the neo-classicists and romanticists are in agreement, but they disagree as to what nature teaches. The neo-classicist believes that nature sets an example of order, harmony and regularity. The romanticist sees wildness and violence in nature, and he uses this as justification for revolt and rebellion. By this time most readers have sifted through these five characteristics of romanticism which I have mentioned and have decided that they are also descriptive of the Elizabethan age and to a certain extent our own times.

Romanticism did not really come suddenly at the beginning of the nineteenth century. It had been growing and gaining since the early part of the eighteenth century. In 1726 (the same year that *Gulliver's Travels* was published), James Thomson published "Winter," the first part of a long poem called *The Seasons*. From its title you can guess that it deals not just with nature but, specifically, with the rugged,

irregular and less pleasant aspects of nature. I especially mention this particular poem because there is a synopsis of it in *Orlando*—remember the vision of the English countryside that Orlando had on the hillside in Turkey way back at the very end of Chapter III. Johnson, Pope and Swift were most characteristic of the eighteenth century, but at the same time there were other writers, writing out of the mainstream, men who were essentially romanticists—Burns, Blake and Grey.

The book says, "Orlando had inclined herself naturally to the Elizabethan spirit, to the Restoration spirit, to the spirit of the eighteenth century and had in consequence scarcely been aware of the change from one age to another. But the spirit of the nineteenth century was antipathetic to her in the extreme." Orlando is so dragged down by crinolines and conventions that she can no longer stride, she can no longer write poetry except for the most sentimental dribble. She is terrified of robbers and ghosts. Alas, she is but a weak woman; she must have someone to lean upon, a husband.

Now Orlando's problem is two-fold: in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries she had been a man, and, therefore, it had been easy for her to identify with and orient herself to masculine traditions. In the eighteenth century, although a woman, Orlando had not felt the pinch so acutely because women of a certain class had greater social and intellectual freedom than they had had in the century previous or would have in the century immediately following. Then, there had been the additional advantage that she had still been able to assume masculine disguise. The freedom to assert individuality, to revolt and rebel, so characteristic of the romantic period was not extended to women. The second part of the problem is that Orlando is maturing as an artist. She must turn aside from imitation. From traditions past and present she must select those elements which are useful to her, and, having selected them, she must use them in a way that is uniquely her own.

Orlando does not accept the challenge in a direct manner, as did George Eliot: I shall live as I please; I will have the same freedom as men have. Instead, Orlando moves obliquely. Outwardly she conforms to convention; she mar-

ries. But it is only a small portion of her 2,052 selves which are involved in her marriage. The rest of the selves are left free to grow and create.

The literary trend of the nineteenth century in general is romantic, but towards the century's end a change takes place, and, coinciding with Orlando's marriage, the so-called Realistic Period of English literature begins.

I do not care much for the word "reality." It is about as definitive as "truth" and "beauty." Reality can be of many different kinds, and in the end the word can only mean what one particular person considers real or actual at a given moment.

Two theories, not by any means new, are in strong force during the realistic period. I find them distasteful in themselves. Orlando would have been repelled by them, and Virginia Woolf, if she considered them at all, certainly rejected them. They are called the Pragmatic Theory of Art and the Mimetic Theory of Art. I bring them up because they give some insight into the character of the realistic tradition, and also because they contributed significantly to the evolution of the novel.

In the first of these two theories, The Pragmatic, the artist (or critic) is much concerned with the effect that a work of art has on its audience. He not only looks upon art as a method of teaching, but he frequently decides, quite arbitrarily, exactly what it is that man needs to learn. I quarrel neither with the fact that art teaches or that it is of benefit to men to learn from artists. But I quarrel with the point of view that the practitioners of the Pragmatic Theory of Art hold, namely, that ethics and matters of conduct are the central issues of life, that the best art is that which makes men behave in the best way. The Mimetic Theory of Art focuses attention on the actuality which is represented and expects art to be a mirror image or a photographic representation of life and nature.

The realist, believing that art is an imitation of life and that life itself is without symmetry and plot, turns aside from the traditional form of the novel. In the absence of plot he elected to emphasize characterization. Usually he presents characters by the portrayal of how they behave in re-

sponse to events or action. Action does not have to be on an epic scale; it does not have to be wars, or earthquakes, or sperm-whale hunting. It can as well be spilled milk or the pattern of sunlight on a window sill or the reflection of the moon in a puddle. Indeed, the realists, with their strong leanings toward democracy, preferred the action of ordinary, everyday domestic events on middle-class characters. They preferred the small action taking place within a limited area, as in Renoir's intimate interior scenes, to epic action in a panoramic scene, as in the work of Delacroix. In painting we refer to this as "genre." This is a literary tradition that women helped shape, and, because they did, they have felt quite at home with it.

With the publication of Orlando's "Oak Tree," we step into the twentieth century; and the experience is somewhat like stepping from twilight into daylight. One would think that with the clearing of the atmosphere, with the ivy scraped away and the removal of clutter we should be better able to discern and identify the properties and shape of things, but this is not so. I cannot compile a list of characteristics generally descriptive of twentieth century literature as I did for the four centuries previous, for I had the advantage of defining those traditions by relating them to what came after. The best I can do is to mention a few of the characteristics that Virginia Woolf shares with her contemporaries. With Barrie she shares the light delicate touch, the frothy satire; and this kind of satire, for all its elegance, like a Siamese cat scratches and bites. However, Virginia Woolf's satire chooses a different victim, and her style seems more informal and less mannered. Like D. H. Lawrence she is able to present the intensity of a moment, but, unlike Lawrence, she knows that when this trick is used too often it loses its impact. The adjective "sensual" might be applied to Lawrence, but I believe "sensuous" is the better adjective to apply to Woolf. Virginia Woolf makes use of what is called the "interior monologue" to reveal and illuminate the internal experience of her characters in the same manner as does James Joyce, but I find her technique is more selective, more economical and less realistic. Like the psychological novelists she interprets the "invisible life" of

her characters, but her novels never approach the "objectivity" of case histories.

In the beginning I said that I wanted to consider *Orlando* as the biography of an intuitive and imaginative mind coming, by means of traditions, to creative maturity in the 1920's. So we must ask: what has Virginia Woolf chosen to use out of these four centuries of literary traditions? The Elizabethans have sensitized her to the richness of imagery and color. The seventeenth century has created in her a kind of tentativeness, a questioning, a distrust of the absolute and the arbitrary. From the eighteenth century she has learned charm and playfulness, a respect for form, and the effectiveness of satire. The romantic phase of the nineteenth century re-enforced her love of nature, gave freedom to her subjectivity and individuality; and from the realistic phase of that century she inherited a literary form that was yet so young and pliable that it could be molded to the design of women writers. But when we talk about the literary tradition of the twentieth century from our point in time, we must say that Virginia Woolf is one of the creators of that tradition.

As to how Virginia Woolf used traditions in *Orlando,* all I can say is that by means of selection (drawing) and of metaphor (transferred values) she has emphasized the broad human values of each tradition. In what I have called "Act I," she does not write in the Elizabethan style; in what I have called "Act III," she does not write in the neo-classical style. All she has done is to present broad human values of each age; her style is always that of the twentieth century and that of Virginia Woolf.

Virginia Woolf brought knowledge and appreciation of literary traditions to the writing of *Orlando,* and the story is richer because of this. If the reader is able to bring a similar contribution to the reading of *Orlando,* his experience will be richer and more meaningful as a result.

Science and Art

by Ellen Homsey

The concern of this essay will be to clarify the nature of the distinction between aesthetic and scientific understanding. Art has for so long been treated as the antithesis of science, both in its manifestation and in its intent, that the qualifications of its difference, *i.e.*, what gives art a positive identity as a body of knowledge, have virtually died of neglect. It is a common feature of human mentality that the devices for discovery—those intellectual precepts through which we seek to come to grips with what we meet—tend always to be vying for supremacy over the actualities they were framed to elucidate; and in the case of science and art the device of contrast, based as it may be on legitimate differences, has illegitimately established itself as a main cause for demonstration, leaving in its wake a confusing thesis of opposition having little, if any, basis in the evidence observation provides. Under the rule of contrast, science is granted title to the realm of objectivity, while art, conversely, is left to embrace the domain of subjectivity; correspondingly, the purpose of science is seen as the pursuit of a "truth" independent of the human spirit and of art to arouse and gratify feeling, excite curiosity, and distract and embellish such leisure moments as may be snatched from the serious business of "getting on" in the world. The lamentable effect of this is to cut art off from the privilege of intelligent consideration and so to render it useless as a source of experience through which we may advance the depth and range of our sensitivity to meaning in life.

That art and science deal, with regard to their respective products, in different kinds of meaning is, of course, undeniable. In general, the significance of the discoveries of science is ultimately wed to their practical effect on our competition with the environment for easing, enriching, and extending the interval of human survival; the significance of art's discoveries, on the other hand, lies within the context of individual awareness and appreciation as we ex-

perience the world from our human point of view, our inherent responsiveness. "Knowledge for its own sake" is, from this perspective, better applied to art than to science, for science as a body of results is in its thrust explanatory (it invents effects from observed causes), whereas art is revelatory (it engenders an episode of insight). Nevertheless, both science and art are alike in being a body of discoveries, whatever the meaning of these discoveries to us, and are, therefore, subject to a single definition of the term understanding.

It is true, of course, that without a foundation of objectivity understanding cannot occur at all because in the absence of exterior stimulation the mind's activity is without reflective substance. Objectivity implies the existence of some species of external actuality which possesses a sufficiency of feature for activating our awareness of it; because of its features and their intrinsic independence from us, that actuality has a verity which channels our awareness into specific forms—one or another sense impression, idea, image—that are constant to the degree of our receptivity. Since, however, art exists materially as a body of objects—symphonies, paintings, novels, poems, etc.—that partake of the selfsame characteristics—color, sound, shape, dimension, etc.—as the objects of science, there is no good reason to suppose that the body of aesthetic reality is deficient in the basic criteria for engaging us in an event of understanding—to what extent we have yet to see.

In order to ascertain whether understanding is relevant to art, I shall begin with a short sketch of what precisely it entails. All human understanding, with its dependence on the character of sense experience for contact with the outside world, originates with an ability to perceive uniqueness or individuality; and so it may be said of any entity or circumstance that it can be perceived because it confines itself to certain limitations or boundaries within which its identity is determined. What is discovered by perception on this level constitutes the basic facts of existence, and the facts thus discovered occur in, are the same for, and are essential to all forms of understanding. More will be said about the nature of fact shortly, specifically, concerning

its innate expressiveness, *i.e.*, what renders it accessible to qualitative functions; but for the moment I shall continue with the issue at hand.

Of equal importance to understanding, and as much a component of the identity of things and circumstances as their discernible physical properties or aspects, is the point of view, the interest, of the observer. Interest infuses fact with all manner of attributes—qualities (*e.g.*, power, delicacy), relational functions (*e.g.*, cause-effect), conceptual functions (*e.g.*, abstraction or universality), and so on. Thus, a particular instance of fire may be understood not only in terms of its own measurable heat and precise spectral colors, but also by its relational inability to co-exist with water; or it may be understood from the point of view of its similarity to water as against, say, a rock for the sharing of a quality of relative "fluidity" or lack of solidity; or it may serve as one of the situations from which a notion of "fireness" (fire as an ideality) is drawn. While these characteristics are, in terms of their "workability" as we interact with the environment, objective aspects of the substance or circumstance under study, they are so only in reference to man's being "the measure of all things," and as elements of understanding they arise from or reflect an interest we have brought to bear.

Another way of describing this effect of interest is to say that the fact observed is made, whether spontaneously or through intricate intellectual maneuvering, to fulfill some purpose or to carry out an activity both agreeable to its own actuality and in accord with a condition imposed from without —that is, from the vantage of human intelligence. This purpose or activity is synonymous with what we know as the meaning to us of what is under consideration, and it is to be distinguished from the purely factual aspect not in failing to be objective (for the characteristics interest reveals are subject to demonstration if we are but willing to accept the point of view), but in occurring by way of the observer's judgment, intelligence, or responsiveness, and, therefore, in possessing a reflexive power, an intrinsic potential for revealing the nature of our relationship to the outside world by externalizing, materializing, embodying the activity of our

responsiveness in both its selective specificity and its general manner of occurrence. It should be clear, also, that interest cannot but qualify all contact with the facts or circumstances in the world, whether that interest manifests itself as mere particular observation, as an argumentative, fantastical, or explanatory body of conceptual propositions or interpretations, or as the most abstract and imaginative precepts that philosophy may consider its own.

One further point may be made about understanding—namely, that it is always intuitive; whether it comes about in terms of aesthetic or scientific realities, it occurs as a leap across a chasm between fact and interest as mysterious in its origins as that impulse which differentiates living from inert matter. The light does literally dawn for the child who makes his first connection between a sound heard and a meaning which works with that sound. And while one may feel that he accepts henceforth through conviction of argument or emotional predisposition the rest of what he learns, it is this vital episode of light between fact and interpretation by way of interest that sets the stage for any kind of receptivity and that always occurs in the genuine action of understanding; acceptance on any other basis entails a passive, mechanical state and a relinquishing of the impulse of life. Of course, ultimately, and as shall perhaps be self-evident not too far hence, this active process itself is the font of aesthetic value, is essentially what the aesthetic response consists in.

With these observations concerning interest in mind, I shall now return to the nature of fact, this time from the point of view of what I alluded to above as its expressive aspect. Contrary to what we have probably learned to suppose, expressiveness is no more what separates art from science than is the issue of whether there is a phenomenal basis to each field. Indeed, expressiveness is characteristic of reality itself, and this is so whether that reality occurs in the form, with the intent, of a painting or of an entity conceived in terms of molecular structure. It will, however, be from a recognition of what expressiveness consists in and of what its relationship to interest is that we can begin to define the distinction that does exist between art and science.

As features of the outside world, expression and interest occupy the opposite sides of one coin—the former being *of* the objective circumstance and the latter, as indicated earlier, being reflective of our particular approach to our experience of it. Expression is made up of two elements corresponding to what interest or point of view operating on fact draws from it: these are (1) a doing and (2) a meaning attached to that doing, or a value. The French philosopher Descartes ushered in what has variously been called the dawn of modern philosophy and the beginning of the age of science with a supposition, *cogito ergo sum* (I think, therefore I am), meant to resolve all doubt about the objective existence of reality. In its more general implications, the phrase contains a principle which might be translated to say that every verb has its nominative case, or, looking at it from the back view, that every entity entails in its very existence an expression of its state of being. This is as much so for the scientist as for the artist—*i.e.*, for both of them entities express, or objectify, characteristics to which interest may attach itself and thereby acquire an objective status. What a table is, for example, in these terms is the same for the artist, as objective for the artist, as it is for the scientist: both the scientist and the artist may perceive, and have done so, the table as an entity expressing "supporter": they observe that a book or a collection of fruit placed upon the tabletop is held there. And in an experience of understanding this expressive feature, each brings his point of view to bear upon his observation and draws out meanings appropriate to his interest that are grounded in that outside situation. From his observation, the scientist may devise the law of gravity or the principle of solid masses being unable to occupy the same space at the same time; these ideas represent his understanding of the table as an expressive entity, and they include the combination of the meanings expressed by what he saw (table supporting objects), *i.e.*, the objective situation, and his point of view, or what interested him, about it (a rational explanation of its occurrence). Further, the statements, the scientific laws and principles, in their turn express a reality of "supporting," of which the observed table was an excitating instance, in such a way that

we can understand it in a new, enriching form—a form which did not exist for our instruction in the possible meaning of this activity before it was given the specific body of the scientist's statement. An artist such as Cézanne also understands table in terms of its expression of "supporting," but his statement takes quite a different form from that of the scientist because his interest, his point of view about that feature, led to the discovery of different but nonetheless real meanings. In *Ginger Jar and Fruit* (Plate 25), for example, Cézanne gives us his understanding of table as "supporting" by abstracting that feature from its particular manifestation in the world (as the scientist also did) and making it happen not in a symbolic formulation that "explains why" but in a pictorial context, partly in terms of an illustrative unit we identify as table but which we know actually as color on canvas, that reveals or explains such meanings it may have because human beings respond to the world by way of its qualitative effects. What, then, attracted Cézanne to the expressive feature of "supporting" was not the opportunity it gave him to formulate laws of gravity, but the opportunity to formulate ideas of weight, setness, drama, power, stability, density, etc. as they may be disclosed in the incident of table expressing supporting. Moreover, he shows, again like the scientist in his "law," that his grasp of this expressive characteristic encompasses meaning abstracted from the particular accident of the original occurrence; he did not, that is, copy nature, any more than the scientist sought to register his observation by a graphic description of what took place before his eyes. Cézanne transfused the quality of the activity of "supporting" into the body of color areas throughout the picture, into units of the background, for instance, that function to hold the various color masses in balance, into the area of light under the table, and even into the color itself, which bears an intersupportive relationship with the volumes it permeates. In addition, Cézanne further developed meanings of this feature of supporting by calling upon it in its various guises to serve in the picture context for discoveries of other expressive features—weightiness, power, rhythmic effects, angularity, spherical

shape, solidity, and so on. All these, and other meanings that Cézanne's picture expresses (as, once it assumes a body, it is a fact in the world for our observation and possesses the same expressive nature as any other fact, but varied in meaning according to its specific attributes), were got by him from his understanding of what in the world there is for us to see; and, like those discoveries of the scientist, they are embodied in a statement accessible to our understanding if we but share in the point of view he brought to bear.

Of course, it is at this juncture that the difficulty arises, for we are not used to exercising our understanding from an "aesthetic" point of view; that is, we are not ordinarily on speaking terms with the significance to us of the meanings it discovers. Nor is the way made easy as it is for science, which benefits from the fact that we are usually trained to accept the conviction of rationality whether we experience an episode of understanding in its presence or not. But there is nothing save an emotional excitement that can stand in for a stillborn aesthetic understanding—and we tend to be, if not downright embarrassed by them, then at least a bit apologetic about our emotions.

At this point, however, we can see that wherein aesthetic understanding becomes particular and separate from scientific is in that aspect of our experiences of the world, not of the world alone, with which each concerns itself. That is to say, the difference is to be found in a difference of interest brought to bear upon the available facts. If we were to place de Chirico's *Plaza* (Plate 26) next to scientific findings which deal with similar facts as those de Chirico chose to interpret in terms of color, we would clearly see that the respective statements reflect quite different points of view about them, that they seek to draw out quite different possibilities of meaning the facts may be made to yield, but also that they do so through the same procedure or method. To illustrate: the de Chirico painting, though it also speaks of many other interests, may in one of its aspects certainly be compared to science's laws of perspective with reference to an objective situation; the scientist who formulated those laws

could perhaps have seen something very similar to a circumstance that impressed de Chirico, but whether he did or not we can be sure that both de Chirico and the scientist responded to something in the world that occurred as an effect of distance on the visible character of matter; each tells us that in his own way. Beyond that, each man as a consequence of his response created a new, objective, expressive entity—the one a painting, the other a symbolic formula—which, in partaking of both the interest of the man and the expressiveness of the outside situation, represents what we can call an interpretation of human interaction with the environment. Each, that is, remolded the facts or situation observed according to the "laws" of human nature. In the scientist's creation, however, observation was recast, under the direction of an interest dominated by the element of rationality, into a purely intellectual explanation; in de Chirico's, the same or similar observation was recast in terms of visual attributes imbued with an interest in the qualities of things, such as weirdness and drama, by which the world's multiplicity of stimulus and impact may be ordered and assimilated.

Thus, in science no less than in art, the universe undergoes translation: principles of reality such as cause-effect, time, dimension, the laws of thermodynamics, etc., as well as the laws of perspective, represent a thoroughly human accounting for the significance of what comes under scrutiny; they are terms relevant to human intelligence and rationality by which reality is manipulated in order to imbue it with "sense," and as embodiments of insight or understanding they are in actuality human impositions upon reality. We do not for that, however, refuse science title to objectivity. But we do mistakenly assume that the appeal to rationality (which is the subjective mood of "constancy of demonstrableness" by which the products of scientific understanding are judged) underlying scientific constructions warrants a claim on our respect superior to that we are asked to bestow on understanding in its full significance, to which the impact of rationality, in fact, provides but one kind of ingress, and that only when it occurs in the sense of a here-and-now experience

rather than an it-is-irrefutable conviction.* The artist, indeed, has taken equal cognizance of what is there in the world and has given equal emphasis to its making "sense." But in his case, the universe is translated into terms which reflect the process and character of human understanding, including its component of rationality, as an on-going phenomenon; a painting, a novel, a symphony, a piece of sculpture, or any created object is infused with a point of view that develops meanings in terms of the expressive qualities of fact which substantiate our intrinsic responsiveness and thereby ally us with the world outside.

It is probably because the created object does not make its appeal solely to that particular mental posture of rationality but to our broader interest in the expressiveness of things for the sake of our response that we deny that a consistent or universally valid judgment may be made of art or that it can embody genuine, permanent meaning subject to a communicable comprehension. And yet, even the simplest of our encounters with the world illustrates the objective status of both fields, as well as pointing explicitly to their differences. Before a plate of strawberries, for example, science understands what may be measured, tested, reproduced, taken apart, and so on—a particular chemical composition, the stages of development into fruit, the effect of time and other agents upon the structure and character of the substance, etc., features which permanently reside in the outside situation; art understands what immediately affects us as alive creatures—the flavor, aroma, the juicy redness, features,

* It has been said that the adulation of demonstrableness, which is only one of the many devices of science, has even on occasion proved as detrimental to the progress of discovery as it has served as a helpful servant. For instance, the current disrepute into which Freud has fallen because his "facts" have been found to be fraught with inaccuracy, while it may serve the what-should-be-unnecessary purpose of breaking up regimented systems of approaching human problems, really represents an over-reaction to the importance of accuracy *per se*. One senses that Freud's detractors feel betrayed, but their categorical dismissal of all that he did upon "finding him out" ignores the unique character of his insight, which is of far greater importance to the development of perceptive sensitivity than fact could ever be. Other instances of such unbalanced admiration for fact abound; indeed, facts are notorious for getting in the way of important innovations, and more than one creative giant in science has deplored the acquisition of too much information as an impediment to thinking.

incidentally, also resident in that situation and as subject to our powers of observation as what is measurable; for it is not variables of preference (which occur legitimately only after perception has taken place) but only defects of sensitivity that allow one to refuse to acknowledge their presence, as defects of intelligence or procedure similarly interfere with the universality of scientific observations. And in de Chirico's and Cézanne's work, or that of any artist, what is given is flavor for the eye and the intellectual and emotional make-up of human beings—the drama of a deep, calm, controlled, eerie space setting off the objects which measure the progress of distance in the de Chirico or, in the Cézanne, the weight and power of set color units, supported and supporting—qualities, in short, which have the meaning of our own capacity to perceive responsively, with an investment of human interest, what exists outside our own consciousness.

In summary, what I have in mind when I divide aesthetic from scientific understanding is understanding as embodied in an objective statement which in its intent expresses one or the other kind of meaning—that having to do with the external world as a separate entity and that having to do with the meanings the world has for us in our immediate, here-and-now experiencing of it. Science's concern is ultimately with the expressive properties of external reality *per se*, and interest, *i.e.*, what is imposed from the human point of view, is subservient to that end; the laws of perspective and the principles governing matter and space explain facts according to their own interrelationships, and when man himself is the object of science's attention he by necessity is also distilled to functional, measurable elements. Art, on the contrary, is concerned with the reflexive power of the expressive properties of things; its focus is on the meanings that evolve from the excitation of interest—in all its intellectual, emotional, and imaginative manifestations—by these expressive properties; and, thus, art provides the essential link between us and the outside world, for it unites interest and expressiveness in one entity.

Finally, we might note again that the act of understanding as a whole is both scientific in its procedure and aesthetic in its impact. Whether faced with a situation in which we are

to extract either a scientific or aesthetic message or in which we are to grasp the statement expressed by a product of science or art, our understanding is only complete when we have perceived what is there in its own right and have satisfied a responsive interest in a here-and-now experience of its meaning.

Plate 25

Cézanne *Ginger Jar and Fruit*

Plate 26

de Chirico *Plaza*

Curriculum of the Art Department

FIRST YEAR – BASIC COURSE

Fundamentals of art and education. The problem of appreciation. The objective method. The roots of art. The art in art. Learning to see.

SECOND YEAR

Application of basic principles of art and education to a systematic study of the aesthetic development of the important traditions in painting and of the work of individual artists.

SEMINAR AND RESEARCH SESSIONS

Individual study-projects in the arts and sciences based on the Foundation's educational method.

PUBLICATIONS AUTHORED BY MEMBERS OF THE ART DEPARTMENT STAFF

The Art in Painting
Albert C. Barnes

The Aesthetic Experience
Laurence Buermeyer

An Approach to Art (*Out of Print*)
Mary Mullen

Art and Education
Dewey, Barnes, Buermeyer, Mullen & de Mazia

Art as Experience
John Dewey

Primitive Negro Sculpture
Paul Guillaume & Thomas Munro

The French Primitives and Their Forms
Albert C. Barnes & Violette de Mazia

The Art of Renoir
Albert C. Barnes & Violette de Mazia

The Art of Henri-Matisse
Albert C. Barnes & Violette de Mazia

The Art of Cézanne
Albert C. Barnes & Violette de Mazia

ALSO AVAILABLE

Journal of the Art Department